THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
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AFTER THE BATTLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CLARA DOTY.

Grey-hooded like a friar
Is the high mountain-top;
The East is all on fire;
The rain begins to drop
As morning opens slowly
The leaden lid of sky,
That hid night's visage-holy
From his red and wakeful eye.

Night that did kindly stifle
The battery's flaming smoke;—
Silenced the deadly rifle;—
Paused the sword's keen stroke;—
Gave little cheer to any,
No victory, no gain,—
But endless rest to many,
To many life-long pain!

Here in their sluggish courses
Crawl little pools of gore;
There stark and stiff lie horses
That gallant riders bore:
With dumb but strong reliance,
They followed the mad rein,
Met the fierce foes defiance;
Now lie with human slain.

This figure small and slender,
All soiled the soldier's dress;
The face so young and tender
A mother's hand should bless!
The face so young and tender,
The hair so soft a gold!
A bullet through the forehead!
He never will grow old!

This right arm cleft asunder,
That sturdy blows withstood;
The damp earth lying under,
Black with the flowing blood!
This still face upward turning,
All heedless of the rain,
Unknowing that the morning
Dawns on the earth again!

These thirsted lips that languish,
And moan with ev'ry breath;
The eyes upturned in anguish,
Pleading for help or death!
These pitiful, pale faces,
Watching for help to come,
Yearning for distant places,
For mother, and for home!

God! earth already covers
Too many a gallant breast!
We praying ones whose lovers
Are fighting with the rest;
We daughters and we mothers,
Heart-broken for our dead;
We sisters, whose dear brothers
Lie in some nameless bed;

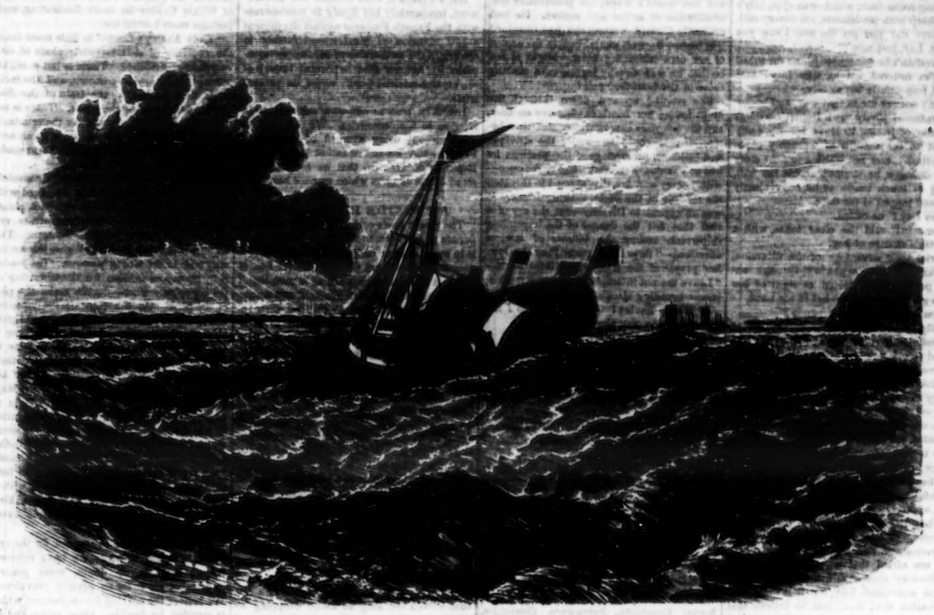
Of every town and city,
In prayer, oh, God! to Thee!
Beg for Thy tender pity,
Nor let this longer be!
Look on this desolation,
And bid the conflict cease!
To our beloved nation,
Give Victory! give Peace!

From Dr. Watts.—Was the Rev. Dr. Watts a seer as well as a priest and a poet? In his Hymns, Book 1, hymn 99, he says:—

"Vain are the hopes that rebels place
Upon their birth and blood,
Descended from a pious race,
Their fathers now with God.

"He from the caves of earth and hell
Can take the hardest stones,
And fill the house of Abraham well
With new created sons."

☞ On this great battle-field of life, God sets the position, God arranges us, and puts us in our places. We may desert, we may run away, we may lie down; but the position is not of our choosing, but of God's.



A CANADIAN STEAMER PASSING THE LACHINE RAPIDS ON THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

Our picture illustrates one of the lively episodes of travel on the St. Lawrence. Running a rapid on this river is at all times an exciting operation, whether it be done in a birch-bark canoe, or in a steamer, as represented in the engraving. When the vessel approaches the rapid, a pilot—specially chosen for the purpose—takes charge of the wheel; extra hands stand by to assist; while several others go aft to the tiller, to be ready to steer the ship by its means should the wheel-tackle give way. The captain places himself by the wheelhouse, ready with his bell to communicate with the engineer. The steamer plunges into the broken water, heaves and falls, rolls from side to side, and labors as if in a heavy sea; the engine is eased, and the vessel is carried forward with great rapidity. Sometimes she appears to be rushing headlong on to some frightful rock that shows its black crest above the white foam of the breakers; in the next instant she has shot by it, and is making a contrary course; and so she threads her way through the crooked channel. A few minutes generally suffice for this, and the smooth green water is reached again; then all breathe freely; for none excepting old Batiste, the Indian pilot, ever run the great rapid of Lachine but with bated breath.

COLONEL FLOYD'S WARDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MARION HARLAND,
Author of "Alone," "The Hidden Path," "Miriam," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER III.

Helen Gardner sat sewing, with her maid, in her chamber upon the following day, when Virginia Shore and Lily burst in upon her quiet. They had just returned from a shopping expedition to the neighboring hamlet, dignified by the name of a village.

"Guess who has come at last!"

"Whom *do* you think we met at the Post Office!" they cried in concert.

"The Queen of England—or a peer of the realm at the very least—if one may judge from the state into which the encounter has thrown you both!" responded Helen with provoking coolness.

"Pshaw! nonsense! make a real guess!" insisted Virginia.

"The Great Mogul, or the Emperor of Timbuctoo—possibly, the Lord High Chamberlain of her Majesty, the Empress of Borriboola-Gha!" was Helen's next attempt "Sally! take these young ladies' bonnets and shawls, and set chairs for them!" She went on with her needlework, which was a portion of her trousseau.

"A more interesting personage than any you have yet named!" Lily walked up to her cousin, and slipped her little hand under her chin, that she might better study her expression, as the news was communicated, "Alexander the Great!"

"Certainly the most distinguished Lay-man of this region!" Virginia supplied an additional hint.

If there were suspicious scrutiny in the gaze which Lily would have had convey only the impression of arch mirthfulness, its end was foiled for that time. Helen calmly released her face from the hold of the pretty hand.

"Indeed! he has arrived unexpectedly! His friends did not look for him until next week, at the earliest, I hope he is in good plight."

"Superb! magnificent! irresistible!" rejoined Virginia, clasping her fingers and rolling up her eyes in tragic-comic earnestness. "Oh, my poor, stricken heart!"

"Let Sally unhook your dress, so that the afflicted organ can thump more freely!" recommended Helen. "Or, if the palpitation is very alarming, try a little hartshorn and lavender!"

"Is that what you take when you are thus affected?" questioned the young lady, plaintively.

"Always!" Helen answered gravely.

"Then, Sally! if hartshorn be the cure of love, bring it on!"

She actually made the amused handmaiden pour out a few drops of the sedative mixture into a glass and dilute the potion with water, then drank it off, and executed a grimace.

"Faugh! what stuff! the remedy is worse than the disease!"

Lily looked supremely disdainful of all this nonsense.

"How can you act so ridiculously, Virginia? And you have not once thought to deliver your Irresistible's message to Helen!"

The needlewoman's complexion did vary slightly at this, and the swift motion of her hand was less even.

"Message! he sent none by me! It was Mr. Robert Lay, who said that they intended riding over, this afternoon."

"I beg your pardon!" said Lily, positively, "but my ears are unfortunately quick, and assuredly heard him begin a sentence to you, *sotto voce*—with 'And my quondam playfellow, Helen'—I was too honorable to listen any longer."

"Indeed, my dear child, your ears deceived you for once. I have no recollection of any such language, or if it was used, I said that myself!" denied the rattle. "I was talking about Helen, part of the time, but there was only a single sentence spoken on the subject, I am sure."

"That was what you two were whispering about, at the carriage-door, was it?"

"I shall not tell you!"

Virginia's color arose suspiciously, although she still laughed. Helen set her teeth and held her peace, while Lily sneered significantly.

"Oh, well! it is none of my business! I introduced the matter because I supposed that Helen would be glad to get the affectionate greeting which I supposed was committed to your trust by her brother-in-law, that is to be. Neily, dear! we—Virginia and I, have been talking her up on our way home. We have decided that you did not display your best taste in your selection. The elder and dark-haired brother is unquestionably the handsomer man of the two."

"Tastes differ!" replied Helen. "Yours and mine often do, Lily!"

There was nothing on the surface of this speech to call forth the gasp and wince of surprise or pain with which Lily drew in her breath, yet Helen remarked these, and also the sudden quietness of manner with which she next spoke.

"I am very negligent! I must go and see if I can give mamma (so she always called Mrs. Floyd,) any assistance in her preparations for dinner. I am growing heartily tired of dining days!"

Helen sewed on in silence when she had gone, and her sedate, almost stern composure was an uncomfortable damper upon Virginia's merry mood.

"Do give me some sewing, Nelly! something that will keep these idle hands out of the mischief, which somebody, who must not be mentioned, always finds for such to do?"

"I have nothing ready besides what we are doing, thank you!"

"Your dresses are to be made in Baltimore, are they not?"

"Yes."

"That is the only decent and comfortable way of getting up a trousseau, to commit it to the profession."

"It is the least troublesome."

A protracted silence, ended by a desperate effort at renewed liveliness on the part of the chatter-box.

"Dear me! I don't wonder you grow sober and thoughtful and matronly before your time, sitting here, stitching eternally upon your wedding-clothes! The very sight of mine would frighten me out of courage and wits together! If I am ever married, it must be upon half an hour's engagement. I should change my mind, if I had leisure to reflect seriously upon what was before me. Honor bright, now, Nelly. Sally! Mrs. Floyd is calling you! There is nobody but our two selves here now, dear, and I can be the soul of secrecy when I choose—don't you sometimes get a little, just a *tiny* bit out of the notion of marrying even so charming and loveable a fellow as Robert Lay—if he does adore you? It must be nice to be adored, though! I wish somebody would help me to a personal experience upon the subject!"

"If it were only a 'notion,' I have no doubt that I should, now and then, waver in my intention," said Helen—"probably reverse it completely."

"You mean, then, that it was something more substantial than a fancy for his sweet smile, his beautiful eyes and matchless whiskers, that induced you to say 'yes,' when he popped the question?"

"I do!"

Helen sustained the saucy examination unflinchingly.

"And you really—excuse my impertinence! but I am an humble, sincere and earnest inquirer after truth, particularly since I have seen the resplendent Alexander—and you really and truly love this man, whom you are to take by the hand, with all your heart, soul and strength, and are resolved, henceforward, forsaking all others, to cleave to him and him alone; to love, honor and obey, so long as you both shall live?"

"When the proper time for putting that question arrives, I shall be prepared with an answer."

Another freezing silence.

"Have I offended you? It is only poor, foolish rattle-pated Ginnie, remember!" pleaded the visitor at length. "I am going off to dress for dinner now. I have a new dress which is perfectly heavenly! The effect upon Aleck's heart must be great—but I shall not enjoy it one whit unless you assure me that you are not angry with me."

"Have I ever been out of temper with you?" Helen's iciness thawed as she saw the half roguish, half-penitent face. "I know what valustion to put upon your words, Ginnie. You would never give your worst enemy a sly thrust in the dark, or stab one to the heart, under pretence of a friendly jest!"

"Of course I wouldn't be guilty of any such shocking things! And we are quite friends now, aren't we? I'll never try to put you through Cupid's catechism again so long as my name is Virginia Shore, and yours Helen Gardener. I will wait until you exchange it for Helen Lay. My! isn't that beautiful? Kiss me, and I am gone!"

Helen locked the door after her.

"I could not have borne it two minutes longer! Poor, weak, pitiful fool that I am! whom straws like these can pierce to the quick! Oh! how I hate myself!" She struck hard upon her breast with her clenched hand. "And he *dared* to send a light message to me! could speak jestingly of our former intercourse to that heedless, giddy creature! It was like him! His behavior has the merit of consistency, to say no more!"

She took a note from her work-box. Robert had sent it to her that morning, and thereby prepared her to expect the tidings brought by the girls.

"My dearest Helen,

"Picture, as your affectionate heart will teach you to do, my surprise and happiness at finding Aleck here when I returned home! I think I have never been happier (excepting once,) in all my life than I am this moment, as I scribble this, and the blessed old fellow sits, smilingly, watching my nervous, wayward fingers—unmanageable through very joy. He is well and better-looking than ever; true as steel; good as gold! the same noble, generous soul whom we parted with so sadly when our trio was broken two years ago. What do you think of his having divined our secret so far as to provide himself with a wedding-present for you before leaving Paris? So, the surprise-*love* box I have treasured up against his arrival, is all thrown away. I always knew that his instincts were unusually fine. I suppose you will slyly insinuate that maybe I am deficient in the art of keeping a secret. I do not deny it when the person to be kept in the dark is one I love.

"I write to notify you that you may expect a visit from us to-day—if agreeable to yourself. We shall probably be with you at dinner-time. Aleck is naturally impatient to see you again, and when did I fail to avail myself of any, and every opportunity of seeing your presence?

"In haste, but none the less fondly, your own H——"

She went over it twice; she had read it many times before—the proud lines of her features hardening at each word; refolded it, and deliberately thrust it into the fire. Then, she unlocked her door; rang up her maid and began a studied toilette for dinner.

There was other company expected to partake of that repast. The Floyds kept an open house from one year's end to the other, and these impromptu dinner-parties were, at the lowest computation, of semi-weekly occurrence. One or two families from the neighborhood were bidden, on the occasion, as the nominal nucleus of the social gathering, and to this, Lily and Virginia had, in the course of their morning's drive, added several other cavaliers besides the brothers Lay. When Aleck and Robert presented themselves in the parlor, their ears were saluted by the hum of many voices, and they beheld divers knots of talkers scattered about the room. Mrs. Floyd entertained four or five matrons, seated upon a sofa and in rocking-chairs in one corner; the colonel had his cluster of politicians and fox-hunters upon the hearth at the far end of the apartment; Virginia Shore was "carrying on" in her most extravagant style, standing in the middle of the floor, surrounded by a bevy of beaux, and Lily Calvert, more etherial than was common, even with her, in her blue silk robe, her sloping shoulders veiled thinly by a tulle cape, had her coterie at a little distance from her vivacious friend.

Upon none of these personages, individually or collectively, did the eyes of the fresh arrivals rest for more than a second. Robert was quick to observe that Helen stood by the western window, chatting with Tom Shore, and that she was very beautiful, as seen in the rich glow of the sunshine, streaming through the crimson curtain; and having made his bow to hostess and host, waited impatiently for the subsidence of the buzz of welcome and congratulation, that swelled towards and around Aleck. The traveller received his old friends with great apparent heartiness and a subdued show of joviality; had a cheery word and a hand-grip for the gentlemen, and a pretty speech for each lady, young and old. Virginia Shore began to think, as she marked his progress from one to another of the fair ones, who vied with their fathers and brothers in the warmth of their greetings, that she had acted very foolishly—verdantly, she expressed it to herself—in hoarding up, as something too beautiful and precious to be told to Lily and Helen, the sugared nothings he had breathed into her willing ear, at the carriage-door, that forenoon.

All this time Robert did not approach his betrothed;—made his smile and bow, from afar off, the testimonials that he acknowledged and rejoiced in her presence. He wished to present his brother with himself before her. Nor did she stir from her position, or manifest the slightest agitation at their entrance. She looked at Aleck, as politeness advised and curiosity seemed to dictate, when Tom Shore remarked aside upon his tanned cheek and hirsute ornaments; assented naturally, yet nonchalantly, to that youth's refined aseveration that "Lay was a blamed handsome fellow, in spite of his dark skin and Turkish beard." This was generous, for Tom thought himself an Adonis, and *his* skin was like milk and roses, his hair fair and curly, his "love of a mouth" that as with carmine; his cleft chin innocent of whiskers, or, sooth to say, any promise of the same. At last, patient waiting had its reward in Robert's bearing off the prize, and the two scared Miss Gardner. She advanced a step—a queen could not have done less—and held out a hand, that was neither chill nor tremulous, to salute the wanderer.

"We are glad to see you at home again, Mr. Lay! You have taken all your friends by surprise. Had you a pleasant voyage?"

And yet she was standing, her hand in his, upon the spot where she had heard his hasty, passionate farewell; where he had pressed the pledge ring upon her finger! Involuntarily, he glanced down. It was not *there!* In place of the plain gold circlet, there sparkled a diamond hoop—his bro-

ther's girl. What else could he have expected? If she noticed the look—quick as a flash of light—no one else did, nor did other ears detect the faintest shade of sarcasm in his rejoinder.

"Very pleasant, thank you, swift and smooth—as Time seems to have flowed for the old acquaintances I meet here to-day. I cannot realize that twice twelvemonths have passed since I left the homestead and my boyhood's companions, since the evening of our parting, Miss Helen! By-the way, it took place in this identical room, did it not?"

"I believe it did!" as calmly courteous as himself.

"'Here you shed the parting tear,
To cross the ocean foam.'"

said Tom Shore, who, like his sister, was addicted to quotations from latter-day-poets, or, more correctly speaking, rhymesters and song-writers.

"Exactly—with the trifling difference that ours was dry-eyed mourning," answered Aleck.

"You cannot take exception to the concluding lines of the verse," said Helen.

"'Now, I'm once again with those,
Who gladly greet me home.'

Your 'Home again' is too obviously an occasion of unfeigned and general rejoicing for you to question its heartiness."

"Thank you!" He bowed profoundly. "I do you the justice to believe you sincere at all times, and in all that you do!"

At this juncture, Tom Shore—albeit his constitutional infirmity was not an overplus of modesty, was seized by the impression that the part allotted to him by existing circumstances in this particular locality, was that of second fiddle, and walked off in quest of less distinguished company. Simultaneously with his withdrawal, Robert obeyed the imperious beck of Lily Calvert's fairy forefinger, and, to Helen's consternation and Aleck's chagrin, they found themselves the only occupants of the windowed recess.

Consternation nor chagrin outlived the shock of the discovery of their situation. Both would have done all in their power, consistent with outward propriety, to avoid the tete-a-tete; but, now, that it was forced upon them, each experienced an interest in its progress and results, painful, yet not devoid of a certain strange sweetness. They talked of commonplace topics; of neighborhood changes and foreign travel. The most jealous lover might have heard every word; noted and weighed the import of every intonation and glance, and felt no misgivings as to the standing of the colloquists with regard to one another. The *Past*—as *there*—was not referred to in the most remote manner, yet it was not practicable for Aleck to continue the cruelly-significant badinage which was, to Robert and young Shore, but pleasant trifling between old friends. It seemed unmanly and irreverent—a thing of which he was ashamed, as he looked at, and listened to her; as if, while they talked, the bier, holding the shrouded corpse of his boyish hope and manhood's aim, lay between them.

Whether or not the pride and bitterness passed away, likewise, from Helen's spirit, all trace of either disappeared from her demeanor. She ceased to question and reply with the elaborate show of strained civility that had hailed his approach, and characterized her conversation while others were by. It was no longer easy to meet his eyes with steady, haughty gaze; to fling back retort for innuendo; to repay counterfeit courtesy with lofty indifference. The truth was that neither had, in his or her anticipations of the interview, taken into account the subtle and sure effect of the personal presence; the wondrous magnetism of voice and look and action; the indescribable fascination lingering in each and all of these; every one bringing up its swift train of memories, and each link in the chain reuniting, as by magic, with the rest, to draw their hearts once more together. The awakening, and anguish and shame, and renewed resolves for future conduct with it, would come by-and-by; for the present, they saw nothing beyond the tumultuous joy of being again with one another, after the dreary blank of absence. When dinner was announced Aleck offered his arm, which was silently accepted. Robert walked before them, in attendance upon Lily. Devoted in appearance to his fair companion, he yet found a favorable opportunity for throwing back a smile to his brother and Helen. Its gleam of affectionate meaning, its guileless trust and hopefulness was not lost upon them. When they took their seats in the dining-room Helen's cheek had lost its blush, and her eye its softness, and beyond offering her the ordinary civilities of the occasion, Aleck paid her no attention while they remained at the board.

It was after sunset when the gentlemen rejoined the ladies in the drawing-room. Robert, having seen that Helen was not there, forthought himself, as was his wont, of the least admired, or least courted person of the company, and finding her in the shape of a shy school girl, ensconced in the nook between the piano and wall, sat down in front of her, and tried to draw her into conversation. The barrier of bashfulness and nervous timidity was being rapidly undermined by his seductive tact, when Gabriel wormed his way through the talkative groups, dispersed irregularly about the room, up to the two in the corner.

"Was you de lady what asked for a glass of water ma'am?" presenting a salver, with a goblet upon it.

"No!" said the girl, in surprise.

"Beg a thousand pardons, ma'am! sorry for de mistake, I'm sure, ma'am!"

He bowed himself backwards—a bit of court etiquette; upon whose acquisition and practice he plumed himself mightily, and steered off in another direction; but not before he had adroitly dropped into Robert Lay's hand a folded paper. Although the latter divined intuitively and through his recollection of precedents the authorship of the note, hidden as soon as it fell in the hollow of his palm, and burned with desire to learn its purport, he retained his position some minutes longer, until he could signal Tom Shore to come and occupy it. Tom was dandified and sonsatte, but he was kindhearted withal, and, to gratify Robert, would have undergone ordeals yet more trying, if that were possible, than expending his time and fascinations upon a girl who was neither pretty, witty, nor rich, nor yet "knowing" enough to appreciate him; "smacking," as he decided, "rather too much of school bread and butter."

Robert read his precious billet by the hall window. It was as he had supposed, from Helen, and a simple request that he would meet her at "the spring," where she would wait half an hour for his coming. Hastily taking down his overcoat and hat from the row of pegs in the wainscot, he was in the act of putting them on, when he heard, through the dining-room door, which was ajar, Lily's voice, sharp with petulanceas, yet silvery still.

"Where did you get the note I saw you give Mr. Lay, just now?"

"Twouldn't be honorable in me fur to tell what I'm ordered not to, Miss Lily!" said Gabriel, resp'ctfully but stoutly.

"Don't answer me in that way, sir!"

It conflicted sorely with Robert's feelings and sense of justice to leave his Ebee ally exposed to the assaults of womanly pique and curiosity, and not waiting to hear more of the dialogue, he stepped across the hall, making as much bustle as he conveniently could, and tapped at the door.

"Miss Lily!" he called.

"Come in!" said the clear tones, with a perceptible change of key.

Gabriel took advantage of the diversion, and vanished, like a shadow, through another portal. Lily started at sight of her guest's great coat and the hat in his hand.

"You are not going yet, surely!"

"Only for a walk with Helen." He smiled and hesitated in pronouncing the name. "I wanted to ask you—our dear little sister—to contrive that our absence should not provoke the criticism of gossipping tongues—if there are any such instruments of mischief among the good people in the other room. I will do the same for you some day, when you are situated as we now are!"

She made no reply, except a nod of acquiescence; stood, looking down into the fire, with her great, sorrowful eyes—so large and mournful, and there was such an air of desolation expressed in her fragile figure and pale face, that Robert felt impelled to say some comforting or friendly word before leaving her there alone.

"I am afraid that we—your cousin and myself—may appear selfish to your apprehension sometimes, Lily, but it is only your imagination that leads you to believe that there is any real diminution of our regard for you. You must not bear me a grudge because I am happy in the thought of taking her away from you. Our home will always be yours, for she loves you as fondly as ever, and, for myself, I can truly say that you were never dearer to me than you are now, while I have in view the blessed prospect of the closer tie soon to be formed between us."

He spoke carressingly, for he had known Lily from her babyhood, and petted her to this day and hour, as did nearly everybody else.

One of her hands—scarcely larger and quite as soft to the touch as a petal of her name flower—lay passively within his fraternal grasp; his head was bent towards her in protecting tenderness, that looked lover-like, when the door at the side of the fireplace was pushed back, and in walked Colonel Floyd!

In confusion or alarm his niece snatched her hand away from Robert, with a faint "Oh!"

"I thought that you were both in the parlor," said the guardian, his dark features gathering additional sternness from his corrugated brow.

Robert's pleasant tones answered the reproof he knew was aimed at Lily.

"So we were, three minutes ago, sir! I was on my way out to take an after-dinner stroll—the 'constitutional' one is apt to need after Mrs. Floyd's dinners, Colonel! and hearing Miss Lily's voice, as I passed that door, I stepped in to engage her kind offices in covering or excusing my temporary absence."

"The precaution was needless, Mr. Lay! It is my wish and request that my friends should be free to come and go, at pleasure, in my house."

"No one knows that better than I do, sir. Still my withdrawal from society, such as is collected in the parlor, might subject me to the charge of moroseness, or a want of gallantry. I shall not be gone long. The bracing air will soon clear my brain from the fumes of that last glass of champagne."

He bowed, with his frank, boyish laugh, and went out.

Lily also moved, as if to go to the parlor, but her uncle prevented her.

"Lily!"

"Sir!"

"Is this fine story true, or has that smooth-tongued beau-general been making love to you? One girl at a time is enough for most men."

"Love to me, sir!" Her eyes glittered, as polished steel does in the sunlight. "Do you, then, think that I would submit to that insult—for insult it would be from an engaged man!"

"You might do worse, girl! Why did you let him slip through your net in the first instance? You angled badly."

"I never had any hold upon him, sir. If I had—"

Colonel Floyd's smile was one of sinister gratification, as he studied her face and translated the language of the gesture that finished the sentence.

"If you had you are no true Floyd if you allowed him to stray with impunity. If you possessed your mother's spirit you would not give him up alive. I have watched him and her, too, and I tell you, on the authority of one who is seldom mistaken in his judgments of character and feelings, that he may still be yours if you care to make the effort to lure him back."

"Uncle! You forget that he is to marry Helen next month!"

"Tut, child! Matches have been broken off at the altar before now! You have a stout will of your own and a quick wit—*and he is worth having!*"

She was left alone;—the girl so early and so terribly orphaned; left, with the fiery Floyd blood, of which her temper had reminded her, swelling and boiling in her veins, and his strange, artful insinuations working in her mind, revolving in the brain he had truly described as quick and shrewd. She had little respect for her guardian, and few loved him except the wife he daily trampled in the dust; but Lily had confidence in his boasted acquaintance with men and the world's ways; his penetrative discrimination of action and motive. He had evidently divined a secret she had imagined was buried from all mortal ken, in the depths of her own mourning heart. Might it not be that he was equally sagacious in reading those of the betrothed pair?

She roamed up and down through the fitfull room; her hands chafing one another, and the colorless cheeks whiter still than before—if that could be—under the strivings and insidious promptings of the passions he had so cunningly aroused. She spoke once—with energy and fire, that seemed to threaten the rending of the slight, shaking frame. It was an appeal to Divinity—not the cry of a soul that felt the danger of the impending shipwreck among the billows of lawless affections—"Save! or I perish!" or the lowlier prayer of the tried, yet faithful heart—"Leave me not to temptation!" but a sudden, insane-sounding ejaculation:—

"'Worth having!' Oh, Heaven! do *I* not know that too well already!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DECLINED. "A Diary"—"My Grandmother's Story."

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

A NEW STORY BY MRS. WOOD.

In a few weeks we design commencing the publication of a new story by the popular author of "East Lynne," "Verner's Pride," &c. It will be called "SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR," and will be published by us from advance sheets forwarded to THE POST from England. The thousands of admirers of Mrs. Wood, in Europe and in America, will doubtless hail the announcement of this new story, as the opening of a fresh mine of interest and pleasure.

AN IMPERIAL FILIBUSTER.

The recent official publication of Louis Napoleon's real object in his invasion of Mexico, manifests how much reliance should be placed upon his numerous protestations of good will and friendship for the United States. His real motive he acknowledges to be to rear an obstacle to the extension of the influence of the United States over the countries lying in the neighborhood of the Gulf of Mexico. And in order to prevent the growth of such an influence, he embarks in a magnificent filibustering scheme of invasion and conquest.

When Louis Napoleon entered upon his scheme for neutralizing American influence in Mexico, it was on the plea of recovering certain debts owing to French merchants, and of re-establishing a stable goverament in that distracted country. Now he has thrown aside that pretence, and what remained of his character for sincerity at the same time.

Viewed in the light of this recent disclosure, it is hardly possible to doubt that the recent movements of the French agents in Galveston and Richmond with the object of detaching Texas from the rebel confederation, really had their origin in Paris.

How quick this European meddler is in putting his finger into the American pie? Of course every sensible man knew that the result of our civil war, if such war should be protracted, or end in division, would ultimately be to open us to the plottings of European ambition; but we will admit that the French Emperor, with all our distrust of him, is rather quicker on the scent than we had expected.

How delightfully refreshing are all Louis Napoleon's protestations that friendship for America is "a French tradition," when considered in connection with these recent developments!

France, as we know—for the same distinguished gentleman said it of his Italian campaign—"is the only nation that goes to war *for an idea*," and now we are in a fair way of learning that she also is the only nation that understands the true meaning of the word "tradition." And as an "idea" means Mexico and Texas. What a wonderful thing it is to an Emperor to have a good command of language!

And now what should be the policy of the United States in view of these open and official declarations of the French Emperor? Not a braggart policy, in our opinion, nor yet a weak and cowardly one. It is foolish to bark when we are not prepared to bite—besides, if we were prepared for fresh wars, we should not wish to wage war with the French people, however much we might wish to with Louis Napoleon. We see no reason yet for supposing that the people of France will approvingly support the Mexican policy of their Emperor—especially now that its real motive is avowed.

But we think it does become our government, temperately but firmly to remonstrate with the French Emperor against the present unjust invasion of Mexico, and further to convey to the authorities of Mexico the sympathy we feel for that important branch of the great American family under its present trials.

Let us be true to our own self-respect in relation to both countries. We can be thus true without using a word of menace to France—and we can manifest to our sister Republic of Mexico, that we feel an acute sense of the dangers which menace her.

AN INSIDE REBELLION.

The recent news contained in the southern papers would seem to show that the rebellion is in great danger of having to encounter a domestic rebellion. General G. W. Lee is out in a proclamation warning a number of the citizens of Northern Georgia and southwestern North Carolina to disband their rebellious organizations and return to their duty—declaring that it will be "a fruitless attempt to war against the (rebel) government." The Governor of Alabama appeals to the people to comply with the conscription, and not desert their brethren in the field. The Governor of North Carolina issues a similar appeal, and commands the thousands of stragglers and deserters to return to their duty. The legislature itself of North Carolina seems to be working badly in the rebel traces, and to have a very poor opinion of Jeff. Davis's administration. From New Orleans we have a report that the Louisiana rebel regiments are on the verge of mutiny, and that about twenty rebel officers have already been shot in endeavoring to enforce the conscription act. And altogether the cohering power of the rebellion seems to be rapidly lessening, and the indications are that it will ere long be found dropping to pieces—each state seeking to make terms of peace for itself.

For we must remember that if even many in the North are tired of the war, how it must be in the South, where the pains and burdens of the contest have been so inexpressibly more galling. We have not yet begun to suffer as the rebels have suffered from the first. And at last these sufferings seem beginning to tell. The rebellion has raised its last armies—those it has now in the field once defeated, demoralized, captured and dispersed, and the great American Rebellion becomes a thing of the past, and the United States henceforth one nation for centuries.

THE COLLECTION OF TAXES.

We are pleased to see that a bill has been introduced into the Legislature of this state to remedy some of the grievances under which our citizens at present labor relative to the collection of the Tax bills. The five per cent. levied upon the taxes unpaid on the 15th of January, and which five per cent. *goes into the pocket of the collector*, is an abomination. The truth is, that all the "row" officers, as they are called, should have regular salaries, and the perquisites be paid into the city treasury. For services which would be fully compensated by a salary of five thousand dollars, they now manage to pick and plunder from twenty to fifty thousand. It is all wrong, and those of our legislators who do not belong to the same pack of political cormorants—and we know of no distinction of party in this matter—should labor to have it amended.

INTERMITTENT FEVER.—A creeping plant growing in India, called the *Cassipina Bandacilla*, is said to produce a nut which is coming into general use in the East, as a cure for intermittent fevers. It is said to be aperient, and therefore preferable to the Peruvian Bark for cases where the bilious system is affected.

THE CHINESE.—The secret of the apparent insensibility to pain of the Chinese under torture, is said to be the use of opium.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET. A Novel. By M. E. BRADDON, author of "Aurora Floyd," "Lady Lisle," "John Marchmont's Legacy," etc., etc. Dick & Fitzgerald, New York.

NO NAME. A Novel. By WILKIE COLLINS, author of "The Woman in White," "Queen of Hearts," &c. Illustrated by John McLenen. Harper & Bros., New York.

We rank these two new and popular novels together, as, though diverse in their merits, they run parallel to each other, each catering in its own way to a widely diffused public taste which is worth considering by the light of the works which are once its result and its stimulus.

Mysterious and long concealed crime, finally discovered through strange coincidences, or through the patient and unrelenting pursuit of an avenger; such is the theme which, amplified and presented in a hundred different lights, makes the dominant interest in the majority of the sensation novels of to-day.

It is this interest that burns through such works as "The Silver Cord" of Shirley Brooks. It is certainly the same that achieves the popularity of the books whose titles head this article.

It is a noticeable fact that these are all English books. In America this style of literature has been confined to yellow-covered "Bandit's Brides," "Pirates of the Gulf," and their kin books whose mere aspect has been enough to warn a reader of taste and cultivation from their contents. With one or two notable exceptions there has been, here, a great gulf fixed between the higher walks of literature and these low and coarse appeals to the grosser appetites and passions of man. It has been reserved for the present generation of English novelists to bring to the same service genius, taste and art that we can only feel sorry to see dedicated as they are.

The latter observation a little overshoots the mark of one of the above-named books. Miss Braddon's book though written with considerable power, and with an interest that never relaxes its hold on the reader, falls short of the qualities which make the novels of Wilkie Collins far more fascinating, and perhaps more hurtful too.

"Lady Audley's Secret" is little more than the evolving of an interesting chain of circumstantial evidence. There is but a slight attempt at character-painting, and the incidents flow strictly in the train of the discovery and proof of the crime. There is no extenuating evidence given for the criminal. There is, in fact, no human nature about her. She is merely the crime embodied and made a fiend of.

"No Name," as a novel, takes a considerably higher rank. Its plot is managed with consummate art, its style is compact, pointed, brilliant, witty. The characters are human and attract human interests. The trouble is that the interest all goes the wrong way and to the wrong persons. The reader is by no means anxious for the thwarting of the conspiracy whose details make the plot of the book. On the contrary the conspirators are so much more interesting and agreeable than the other characters that one is compelled to completely take their side in their "little game." We chuckle at their victories over Mrs. Lecount, their chief adversary, and think it all very well when Magdalen, the heroine, after a brief and slight fit of repentance, slides off to a happy termination and becomes a model of goodness forthwith. Even Capt. Wragge, the wily swindler —or, as he humorously describes himself, "the moral agriculturist, cultivating the field of human sympathy"—is dismissed with a good-natured pat on the back and a kind pleasure in his success in life after the invention of his Patent Pill.

We do not pretend to account for the epidemic in fiction to which we have referred, though there is, no doubt, some general underlying cause for its present prevalence. We believe the craving for excitement which is gratified by dwelling upon crime and its developments to be a false and hurtful one, and regret to see such powers as those of Wilkie Collins employed in its service. M.

LOVE IS SUCH A LOSING GAME.

BY A BACHELOR.

Oh, love is such a losing game!
'Tis pleasant for the hour;
There lurks behind its little name
A fascinating power.
But still the men fall victims to
Its false and treacherous ways.
Excitement hides these from their view,
Leaves naught but bitter days.
Then, man, I prithee gamble not;
Leave it to milksop boys,
Who know no other pleasure but
To sing in praise its joys.
For love is such a losing game;
'Tis better, then, by far
To play for honor, rank and fame,
With hope your guiding star.

☞ There are two kinds of cats—one with nine lives, the other with nine tails; the former always fall upon their own feet, the latter upon other's backs.

☞ We do not find that the English critics who so much condemned N. P. Willis's revelations of private society at Lady Blessington's have yet breathed one word of virtuous indignation against Mr. Russell's similar breaches of confidence. What was a great offence in the American seems to be a recommendation of the Anglo-Hibernian writer.

☞ At the French Emperor's recent grand reception the Princess Mathilde wore a train of cloth of gold, trimmed with two rows of Russian sable; her neck, arms and head were glittering with brilliants. Her Highness is said to possess the most valuable diamonds in France. The Princess Clotilde wore a pink silk train and petticoat of the same material, both trimmed with tulle, looped alternately with roses and bunches of ribbons; her ornaments were also diamonds. The Princess Metternich's toilette was so very magnificent that the Empress expressed her pleasure at it. It consisted of a cherry-colored velvet mantle, embroidered about half a yard deep with silver; her petticoat was of white silk, covered with lace, and her diamonds, some of which she only lately came into possession of, are said to be some of the finest in Europe.

☞ Philip the Second, after having sat up to a late hour in the night to complete some important state papers, waked up one of his drowsy secretaries, who was so flurried at this breach of duty, that he dashed the contents of the inkstand over the manuscript, instead of the sandbox. "It would have been better to have used the sand," was royalty's remark, on sitting down to the reproduction of the document.

☞ Washington, when high in command, provoked a man to knock him down. The next day he sent for the person to appear at headquarters, and asked his pardon! for, in reviewing the incidents of the case, he found that he was himself at fault. A magnanimity only possible to a truly great mind; but it is a magnanimity, a self-control, a mastery of temper, which it is a nobility to strive for.

☞ In her early days Mrs. Rogers, the actress, was asked by Lord North what was a cure for love. "Your lordship," said she, "is the best I know in the world."

Completion of the American Cyclopædia.

In a few days the labors of the editors of The New American Cyclopædia will be finished. We understand that their numerous corps of assistants is already dissolved. A task which has occupied for nearly six years, permanently, a staff of twenty-five able writers, besides a great number of occasional writers, is at last completed, and the event is one well worthy of notice.

The present work of Messrs. Ripley and Dana is the first original general Cyclopædia completed in this country. The work was begun in February, 1857. A staff of twenty-five writers was engaged, most of whom had desks in a large office, provided with a formidable library of books of reference in various languages. The Astor Library was, however, an additional and valuable place of reference. Besides the regular staff, as we have said, a number of gentlemen contributed articles on subjects upon which they were especially competent to treat; and it has been the rule, we believe, to entrust all papers upon the various sciences and arts to the most eminent professors and experts.

The labor of revising the articles as written, and again revising the proof sheets, employed not only the two editors, but in addition five or six other gentlemen, especially competent for this work, who verified dates and other figures, and, so far as is possible to human handiwork, made each page perfect. Besides this, proofs of all the more important articles were sent to the authors, or to experts, for verification and correction. The cost of the revision alone amounts to considerably over twenty thousand dollars.

The number of titles or subjects treated is about twenty-seven thousand. The sixteen volumes contain 16,804 pages, which have fifty-two millions of "ems"—printers' measure. To print the edition called for, of the first fifteen volumes, required 12,094 reams of white paper; to print ten thousand copies of the sixteenth volume consumes 556 reams more. The work has been circulated entirely by subscription; and it is saying not a little for the intelligence and wealth of America, that so costly a work as this obtained not less than seventeen thousand subscribers. Of this number twelve thousand, we are informed, live in the free states, and five thousand in the slave states. Among the free states New York furnished the largest number of subscribers, Massachusetts comes next on the list, and Pennsylvania third. Of the slave states Louisiana contributed the greatest number.

The publishers, Messrs. D. Appleton & Company, have invested $415,000 in this great literary venture. The amount paid to contributors and for making the stereotype plates, up to December 12th, was $143,700. The other expenses, on 217,550 volumes printed, of the first fifteen volumes, were: for paper, $111,500; printing, $17,500; binding, $110,000; advertising, circulars, etc., $20,000. Add to this the cost of paper, printing and binding 10,000 copies of volume sixteen, $10,500, and an item denominated "sundries," $1,800, and we have a grand total of $415,000.

Of the literary execution of the work, we who have occasion to refer to it daily can speak with satisfaction. The New American Cyclopædia is correct, full in its information, conveniently arranged for ready reference; the articles are concise and yet complete; and the work, continued and finished, as it has been, in the midst of a great civil war, is an honorable example of American thoroughness and enterprise. We believe it is the intention of the editors and publishers to issue a supplementary volume, in which any subjects which have claimed treatment since the commencement of the work may have justice done to them; and the issue of an annual volume, a register of important events, which was begun by Messrs. Appleton last year, will hereafter answer the purpose of a supplement for those who want it.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S EFFORTS TO OBTAIN A WIFE

It is generally understood that in the spring of 1852 offers of marriage were made by the Emperor to three German princesses, but were politely declined in every instance. The first of these offers was to the Princess Mary, of Baden, daughter of the then reigning Grand Duke, who, being himself the offspring of a "morganatic" marriage could, as it was thought, make no serious objection to the match. His highness, in fact, did give his consent; but his death occurring on the 24th of April, 1852, his son and successor threw obstacles in the way, and, as the Princess herself showed no desire to occupy the French throne, the negotiations were finally broken off. The hand of a Princess of Hohenzollern having been likewise refused to the Prince President of the French Republic, a last offer of marriage was made to Princess Frederica, of Oldenburg, aged thirty-two, the sister of the Queen of Greece. Princess Frederica, it is said, was excessively anxious to wear the imperial diadem, then already within the grasp of Napoleon III. But her relatives, particularly the Grand Duke Peter, strongly objected, and consequently this proposal likewise came to nothing. The poor Princess of Oldenburg soon after, in despair of getting the right husband, or any husband at all, committed a morganatic alliance, giving her hand to one Baron de Washington. Not choosing to submit to further indignities, Napoleon III. now Emperor, determined to seek for a wife at home, and, having met one evening at the house of a literary acquaintance, M. Prosper Merimee, Mademoiselle Eugenie Maria de Guzman, Countess of Teba, his Majesty offered at once his hand and heart, was accepted, of course, and married a few weeks after, on the 29th of January, 1853. The event somewhat took the public by surprise, the official announcement having been made only seven days previous to the ceremony, on the 22d of January.—*London Spectator.*

☞ Watched rosebuds never open.

HASSAN THE WISE.

Hassan Ben Omar threw himself prostrate upon the ground, outside the wall of Bassora, and tore his hair with rage. In three years of riot and luxury he had dissipated the wealth which he had inherited from Good Omar, his father. His house, his vineyard, his olive yards, were all gone; and now he would be compelled to seek employment as a camel driver, or beg of those who had feasted sumptuously on his extravagance. He cursed his unhappy fate, reproached Allah, blasphemed the Prophet, charged his friends with ingratitude, and called loudly upon death to release him from his misery. His old servants approached and tried to comfort him; but he drove them away with abuse and blows, and dashed himself again upon the earth. For a long time he lay moaning and weeping; at length a voice sounded in his ears—

"Listen, Hassan Ben Omar! Allah intends thee good."

Hassan raised his head, and his eyes rested upon a venerable dervis, who was calmly contemplating his grief.

"Begone, old man!" he cried, "if thou canst not work a miracle for my relief."

"Listen," replied the dervis; "the Prophet has sent me to serve thee. What wouldst thou have?"

"Give me my possessions again—my vineyards, my fields, and my gold."

"And what would it avail thee," said the old man, "if I were to do this? When they were thine, thou hadst not the wisdom to keep them; in three years thou wouldst be as wretched as now. But attend, Hassan Ben Omar! Reform thy life, govern thy passions, moderate thy desires, hate the wine cup, labor for thy bread, eat only when thou art hungry, and sleep when thou art weary. Do these things for one year, and you shall be monarch of a mighty kingdom."

A mist darkened the eyes of Hassan; when it was gone, behold, the dervis was nowhere to be seen. Hassan invoked the aid of Allah, and rose from the ground with a light heart. He joined the caravan which set forth for the desert the next day. He began to rise early, and to labor with diligence. A cup of water and a few dates formed his simple meal; and at night he lay down by the side of his camels and enjoyed sweeter repose than he had ever known before. If his anger was excited, or if he was tempted to give the rein to any passion, the form of the dervis seemed to rise before him, with a wild rebuke upon his lips, and his heart was calmed. Thus for a year he lived a frugal and patient life—following to the letter the exhortations of the dervis. At the end of the time he was again at the same place, before the walls of Bassora. He prostrated himself upon the earth, and cried—

"Now, Allah, fulfill thy promise!"

Suddenly he heard the same voice as before—

"Hassan Ben Omar, thou hast done well, and thy reward is with thee. Behold, thy kingdom is *thyself!* I have taught thee to rule it. Be wise and happy."

Hassan looked in vain for the speaker—no one was near. He pondered deeply upon these things, and resolved to continue as he had begun.

Thus he lived many years, gradually becoming more prosperous, but firmly retaining his frugal and industrious habits, until he became richer than the Good Omar, his father; and all men called him Hassan the Wise.

THE OLIVE TREE.

I challenge the untravelled English reader to tell me what an olive-tree is like?

I know he cannot answer my challenge. He has no more idea of an olive-tree than if olives grew only in the fixed stars. Let him meditate a little on this one fact, and consider its strangeness, and what a willful and constant closing of the eyes to the most important truths it indicates on the part of the modern artist. Observe, a want of perception, not of science. I do not want painters to tell me any scientific facts about olive-trees. But it had been well for them to have felt and seen the olive-tree; to have loved it for Christ's sake, partly also for the helmed wisdom's sake, which was to the heathen in some sort as that nobler wisdom which stood at God's right hand, when He founded the earth and established the heavens. To have loved it even to the hoary dimness of its delicate foliage, subdued and faint of hue, as if the sahes of the Gethsemane agony had been cast upon it for ever; and to have traced, line for line, the gnarled writings of the intricate branches, and the pointed fretwork of its light and narrow leaves, inlaid on the blue field of the sky, and the small rosy-white stars of its spring blossoming, and the beads of its sable fruit scattered by autumn along its topmost boughs—the right, in Israel, of the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow—and, more than all, the softness of the mantle, silver gray, and tender like the down on a bird's breast, with which, far away, it vails the undulation of the mountains; these it had been well for them to have seen and drawn, whatever they had left unstudied in the gallery.—*Ruskin.*

☞ A STRAY SILVER DOLLAR.—The selectmen of Warren, R. I., were at last accounts in a state of consternation at the aspect of a silver dollar dropped into one of last Sunday's contribution boxes.

☞ The Episcopal clergy of England are memorializing their Bishops on the dreadful heresies of Bishop Colenso, and the Bishop of Rochester has gone so far as to request Dr. Colenso to take no part in the religious services of the church within the limits of his (Rochester's) diocese.

☞ A Bordeaux paper gives credit to a grocer in that city for his ingenuity in letting the public know that he sells both black and [illegible]. He has a large T on each shutter, one [illegible] painted green, the other black.

☞ If you [illegible] why has a *pain* in her side, [illegible] by wearing a *sash?*

THE FORTUNES OF WAR.

The New York correspondent of the Sunday Dispatch says:—

I personally know men in this huge town who, for years, have lived in a style of "merchant-prince" ostentation and dignity, and are now weekly pawning the family plate, the family jewels, the piano, the harp, the everything that can be best temporarily spared, in order to "live somehow," (as they express it) until the war is over, and they may once more realise a family ordinary expenses by their business. I know other men of social standing and character who are furtively selling their beds from under themselves, their wives and children, in order to buy bread to eat, and yet, to maintain "appearances," live in elegant "brown stone" fronts, go without servants to save expenses, and have their own "household gods," who dress up so proudly at night, to do all the domestic work through the day. I know still other men who, pressed to the earth by the times, have let out, ready furnished, their "brown-stone fronts," with all the modern improvements, to the Dives of the moment, and are now secreting themselves and their families in the basements of cheap boarding houses, while wife or daughter privately assist to pay the monthly bill for board by going out to give lessons in vocal or piano music. I really know these persons and those things; and at the same time I know of men who, a twelve-month ago, were delighted to live on the second floor of a tenement house, and listen to a cracked fiddle with delight, and now "hold forth" in palatial residences, have "at homes" once a week and "parties" once a month, at an outlay that would once have supported them, their *lares* and *penates*, for half a year. They have made a "spec" in Wall street, or got hold of a "fat contract" from the War Department. I know of other men whose wives spend more at present in bonnets and shawls every month than they used to handle in five years, and whose "parties" are only designed to "astonish the Browns" by the utter recklessness of their luxurious appointments.

ITEMS FOR SOLDIERS.

"Send your soldier a little parcel of cayenne pepper and moucher of cloves. The Government rations include no aromatics, and no condiments but salt; and the moderate use of these tends to prevent scurvy, and to keep the bowels in order. Add also a little paper of larkspur seeds. Spirit or b lling water in which they have been soaked will effectually destroy lice. The whole may go in a letter under one postage stamp."

Let the recruit see that his rule of packing be not how much he can get in his knapsack, but how little. Friends will press many things upon you which a day's march will prove a burden. Take with you only those articles which you cannot do without. Gen. Mansfield went through the Mexican war with three hickory shirts and his blankets. An ounce becomes a pound towards the end of a day's march.

Look to your feet—cut your nails and corns—wear seamless woollen socks and easy shoes. When you halt lie down. When you camp, eat and go right to sleep. A little pepper in the mouth will prevent you from falling asleep on your post. A little pepper in stagnant water will prevent bowel complaint.

Don't eat, when on the march, all your rations at once. Carry a small vial of brandy, but don't use it except when absolutely necessary. When wounded it may preserve your life; therefore save it for an emergency.

When going into action don't think you are a coward because you tremble. The proof of courage is that notwithstanding you know and feel the danger yet you face it.

Don't grumble, but make the best of every thing. Be cheerful under difficulties. Above all, be spiritually prepared for life or death.

☞ An officer of the Maine 25th, observing a soldier belonging to a regiment encamped near by, industriously scratching himself, interrogated thus: "What's the matter, my man—fleas?" "Fleas!" said he, in a tone of unutterable scorn, "do you think I am a dog—no, sir, them is lice."

☞ We once heard a Vermonter express his opinion of a person in the following style of classics: "I could take," said he, "the little end of nothing, whittle it down to a point, punch out the pith of a horse hair, and put in it forty thousand such souls as his, shake them up, and *they'd rattle!*"

☞ LOBSTER SALAD.—NEW RECEIPT.—An Irishman, who had lately opened a restaurant, heard of a receipt for making lobster salad. Among the ingredients recommended was sweet oil. He went to the grocer's and inquired for it, and was told they had none. "What kind of oil have ye?" says he. The grocer answered kerosene. "Then, faith, I'll take that!"

☞ Doctor Lyman Beecher's funeral, in Brooklyn, New York, was attended by 100 clergymen.

THE ATTACK UPON OUR GUNBOATS AT CHARLESTON.—The rebels neglect no opportunity which over confidence or oversight on the part of our blockading fleet may give them. With two iron clad gunboats and three small steamers they made an assault, on Saturday week, upon three of our gunboats within the harbor, while thirteen Union vessels were lying outside, and succeeded in sinking one, the Mercedita, by running her down with a ram, and of crippling another, the Quaker City, which escaped with some injury. Upon this partial success, a great g orification is raised, and the affair is magnified into the destruction of two Union vessels, and the burning of four, the dispersion of the entire fleet, and the raising of the blockade by proclamation of Beauregard and Ingraham. Taking Ingraham's official account of the matter, and it se ms to be a very insignificant affair, as far as it affects the blockade. The sinking of one of the gunboats does not materially affect the efficiency of the blockading fleet, nor cripple the force which is expected to assault Charleston. Twenty blockading vessels were off Charleston on the 2nd instant, and we know that there are five iron-clads in the immediate neighborhood, two of them operating against the rebel batteries between Charleston and Savannah.

NEWS ITEMS.

A TALL FAMILY.—A correspondent at North Paris, Maine, writes: "There is living in this village a family remarkable for the heighth of its members. It consists of eight sons and two daughters. The united length of the eight sons amounts to forty-eight feet and five inches. Five measure six feet each, one five feet ten inches, one six feet one inch, and the last six feet three inches. The heights of the two daughters I am unable to give exactly, but presume they are not less than five feet nine inches."—*Portland Transcript.*

The Richmond journals adhere to the statement that it was the British steamer Spitfire which sunk the Hatteras, but unfortunately for their assertion, the Spitfire was on another station at the time of the occurrence, and hence their statements amount to nothing. Besides, what object could the Spitfire or any other British war vessel have in attacking and sinking a peaceful vessel of our navy, and that, too, in our own waters?

Ex-Gov. Edwin D. Morgan has been elected United States Senator from New York, and Reverdy Johnson from Maryland, each to serve six years from the fourth of March next.

REAL ESTATE is rising very rapidly in New York.

SINGULAR PROCEEDINGS OF MR. SEWARD.—A despatch recently published in the French official yellow book, bearing date April 12th, throws a little light on the journey undertaken to Richmond by Baron Mercier, and which created such excitement at the time. It appears that he undertook it *at the suggestion of Mr. Seward himself, who then believed in the speedy re-establishment of the Union*, and without having previously informed the French government of his intention. Before his departure Mr. Mercier came to an understanding with our ambassador, and repeated to Mr. Seward that the object of his journey was not connected with the recognition of the South, *but only an attempt tending about an arrangement.* "It was understood, besides, that I should report to Mr. Seward only what I was authorized to repeat to him," said to me that I might add, if I found an opportune occasion, *that in his opinion the North was animated by no sentiment of vengeance, and that for himself he should with pleasure find himself again in the Senate in the presence of all those whom the South thought it fit to send thither.*"

SIZES OF NAILS.—Why are nails designated by the terms sixpenny, eightpenny, &c.? In Sheffield, England, they used to be sold in small quantities by the hundred, and the terms fourpenny, sixpenny, &c., referred to such nails as were sold at fourpence, sixpence, &c., per hundred nails. The length of the nails of that day, that were so designated, was exactly the same with nails that are now known by those designations.

HOW THE POOR ARE FED IN LANCASHIRE.—For a family of one, 65 cents; of two, $1,25; of three, $1,60; of four, $2; of five, $2,50. The distribution of bread and soup is still continued on Saturday to the "wives and mothers," and the exposition of the Scriptures, with which it is always accompanied, is listened to with marked attention. Extra nourishment is granted to the sick on production of a medical certificate; and to this provision we may attribute to some extent, humanly speaking, the prevention of fevers assuming an epidemic character.

RECRUITING ON THE PACIFIC COAST.—Orders have been despatched from the War Department to Brigadier Gen. Wright, commanding the Department of the Pacific, authorizing him to raise a regiment of infantry in California, and also to fill up the First California dragoons to a regiment.

THE health officer of Brooklyn has prohibited the sale of rye coffee in several stores in that city, a respectable German family of eight persons having been poisoned. The seeds of poisonous weeds growing among the rye were possibly ground up with it. This is no argument against the use of rye for coffee or meal, but only for carefulness.

TEXAS.—A recent letter from Matamoras says:—"Nearly every body have an idea of the way Union men are treated in Texas. They are hung on the slightest suspicion, and by bodies of irresponsible men who, were they in a country where law was respected, would be allowed outside of a prison yard. You have probably heard of the way that a small body of Union men were treated by the Texas rangers and a part of J. McDuff's company, at the head of the Nueces. I learn from a gentleman here, who had a conversation with an officer who was present at the massacre, that twelve passports from provost marshals of Western Texas were found on the bodies of the Union men killed, by which they were allowed to pass freely over any part of the frontier."

THE RIGHT WAY.—Gen. Rosecrans has issued the following order:—"By virtue of the authority delegated to the Major General Commanding by the Secretary of War, Second Lieut. H. Albert, Co G, 39th Indiana volunteers, is, for desertion, dishonorably dismissed the service of the United States. The General Commanding deems him too worthless to have him arrested and brought back for trial."

THE office of the Rockport (Indiana) Democrat was attacked by a mob composed of soldiers of the Fifth Indiana cavalry, a company of which is stationed near the place, on Wednesday night, and the contents, with the exception of the press, destroyed.

A RESIDENT of Jane street, New York, has obtained a verdict of $100 against a man who put up a boiler factory near his house, and made such an intolerable noise in hammering rivets that plaintiff's house was almost uninhabitable. In the decision of the verdict is that noise is a nuisance, when there is enough of it.

THE Havre Journal talks of a diamond just found by a negro in Brazil, far exceeding in dimensions the famous Koh-i-noor. It sods that Sambo means to establish with the proceeds of it a settlement for free blacks.

THE President says of General Hooker, that in every position he has been placed he has equalled the expectations which his self-confidence has inspired.

A MR. STOKES, of Trenton, N. J, lately sued Judge Nar, of the True American, for damages, for having put his marriage among the deaths. A thoughtful editor offered to make it all right by putting Stokes' death among the marriages, the indignant Benedict would not accept the *amende honorable.* Damages, six cents.

THE LATE ARREST IN INDIANA.—The citizens arrested for attempting to resist the authority of the government, in arresting deserters in Morgan county, Indiana, have been handed over to the civil authorities, and will be tried before the United States Circuit Court now in session.

SEVERAL rebel mails have recently been seized by the United States naval forces, and some of them disclosed facts not over credible to some who profess to be Union men in one of the loyal border states.

GEN. CURTIS has organized one black regiment in Arkansas, and is making good progress with another. Private letters from the fleet of Rear Admiral Porter state that he is filling up his crews with the able-bodied freedmen of Arkansas and Mississippi, of whom great numbers are seeking service under the United States. It is thought that half the men who man the western flotilla will soon be of African descent.

OLD-FASHIONED SPECULATION.

The following story of an old-fashioned speculation in cotton is taken from "The Old Merchants of New York City." It is told of Nathaniel Prime, one of the old merchants:—

Robert Kermit once started a line of "Sabit" ships. He owned the ship St. George, and he persuaded Stephen Whitney and old Nat Prime to become owners in a new ship called the St. Andrew. The line never succeeded, although the latter once made a very short passage in the year 1834, and brought the intelligence of an advance in the price of cotton in Liverpool. She came in late one Christmas eve. Old Mr. Prime lived at that time at the corner of Broadway and Market-field street, (now Battery Place.) Mr. Whitney lived only a few steps distant, on the corner of State Street and Bowling Green Row. These old heads and two or three younger ones had the exclusive news, and they intended to make the most of it. It was certain not to be made public until the day after Christmas. Letters of credit were prepared in the front parlor of No. 1 Broadway, for one million of dollars. Walter Barrett was selected to leave next morning for New Orleans by way of Wheeling, hoping that he would outstrip the great Southern mail, leaving two days ahead, carrying these credits in favor of Thomas Barrett and John Hagan of New Orleans, both eminent merchants in those days. The letters ordered cotton to be bought so long as there was a bale in *first hands* in New Orleans. Mr. Barrett, the bearer of credits and orders, was told to spare no expense in order to beat the mail. It was now eleven o'clock Christmas eve. No one had thought about money for the expense of the messenger to New Orleans. Banks were all shut—brokers too. Mr. Prime seized a bank check, and went up with it to the City Hotel.

"Willard, for what amount can you cash my check to-night?"

"How much do you wish, Mr. Prime?"

"One thousand dollars."

Mr. Willard had the money, and gave it to Mr. Prime. It was in the pocket of Mr. Walter Barrett the next morning, when he embarked at six o'clock in the boat for Amboy, commanded then by the since famous Captain Alexander Schuil's.

The messenger, by bribing stage-drivers, paying Mississippi boat captains $50 or $75 not to stop and receive freight, reached New Orleans in eleven days. It was daylight when he got into the old City Hotel in New Orleans, kept then by Mr. Bishop. Two hours after John Hagan and Thomas Barrett had the letters of credit and orders to purchase cotton. The Southern mail did not arrive for three days. Before night over 50,000 bales of cotton had been purchased, at 11 to 12 cents, or about $60 per bale. The cotton was sold at 17 and 18 cents when cotton went up a few days after. Some was sent to Liverpool. The profit was on some lots over $30 a bale, and was divided up among the New Orleans houses of Barrett & Co., and John Hagan & Co., and the New York operators. The messenger had the profits of 200 bales awarded him, and his expenses paid.

A NEW METHOD OF PLATING IRON CLADS.—Propositions have been made to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, somewhat singularly, from two persons, which may or may not effect a change in the present mode of constructing iron-clad ships. So far as our informant is concerned, the only proposition of which he is aware is shortly as follows:—It is suggested that the exposed nature of the iron plating alone ensures the success of the great vessel, and if the iron were cased in sound, strong ship timber, an impenetrable target would be the result. At present the iron plate is exposed to the first crash of the shot, and resistance is past when the armor is crushed in. It is stated as a fact that, in a volley, a bullet will penetrate the breast-plate of a life-guardsman, which is exposed to the full force of the missile; but the same kind of bullet has flattened upon the case of a watch on an infantry soldier, or even a common tobacco box has proved a check. It seems, therefore, that the mere obstruction of a woollen coat is sufficient to stay the progress of the ball. Now in the matter of iron-clad ships, it is urged that if there was a steel plate behind the iron plate the resistance would be immense, because the ball, being checked by the softer iron, would be entirely stayed by the harder steel. It is further urged that if a steel plate were *backed* by an iron one, and a shot penetrated the steel, the iron would be much of a barrier to stay its further progress. In short, it has been proposed that the iron-plating should be cased instead of being exposed, and many things suggest themselves to us that this is the proper plan. The armor would be protected from the actions of the air, sea and changes of climate.—*Sun, London.*

A HEROINE.—A correspondent of the *Albany Register*, writing from Brooklyn City, Huntington county, says he had the pleasure of meeting, at a place called Dudley, a woman named Mary Owens, who had just returned from the army, in full uniform. This remarkable woman accompanied her husband to the army, and fought by his side until he fell. She was in the service eighteen months, and took part in three battles, and was wounded twice; first in the face above the right eye, and then in her arm, which required her to be taken to the hospital, where she confessed the deception. She had enlisted in Danville, Montour county, Penna., under the name of John Evans, and gives as her reason for this romantic undertaking the fact that her father was uncompromising in his hostility to her marriage with Mr. Owens, threatening violence in case she disobeyed his commands; whereupon, after having been secretly married, she donned the United States uniform, enlisted in the same company with her husband, endured all the hardships of the camp, the dangers of the battle field, saw her husband fall dead by her side, and is now wounded and a widow.—Mrs. Owens looks young, is rather pretty, and is the heroine of the neighborhood. She is of Welsh parentage.

YARN FROM MILKWEED.—Mr. Marsh Heathcott, a cotton manufacturer of Paterson, N. J., has succeeded in spinning yarn from the fibres of milkweed, a plant which grows wild. The yarn is favorably spoken of; though how it may be adapted to withstanding moisture or receiving dyes, we have not heard. Mr. H., who is a man of good judgment and trustworthy, estimates that an acre of land might yield $120 worth per annum.

Important Declaration of Louis Napoleon Relative to Mexico.

Among the documents in the "yellow book," just communicated to the French Chamber, is a letter from the Emperor Napoleon to General Forey, commander of the French troops in Mexico, in which we read:

"There will not be wanting people who will ask you why we go to lavish men and money for the establishment of a regular government in Mexico. In the present state of the civilization of the world, the prosperity of America is not a matter of indifference to Europe, for it is she who feeds our manufactories and gives life to our commerce. *We have an interest in this—that the Republic of the United States be powerful and prosperous; but we have none in this—that she should seize possession of all the Mexican Gulf, dominate from thence the Antilles, as well as South America, and be the sole dispenser of the products of the New World.* We see now by sad experience how precarious is the fate of an industry which is reduced to seeking its chief raw material in one market alone, to all the vicissitudes of which it has to submit. If, on the other hand, Mexico preserves its independence, and maintains the integrity of its territory, if a stable Government is constituted with the assistance of France, we shall have restored to the Latin race on the other side of the ocean its strength and prestige; *we shall have established our beneficent influence in the centre of America, and this influence, by preventing the numerous openings for our trade, will procure us the materials indispensable to our industry.* Mexico, thus regenerated, will always be favorable to us, not only from gratitude, but also because her interests will be in harmony with ours, and she will find a powerful support in her good relations with the European Powers. To-day, then, our pledged military honor, the exigency of our policy, the interests of our industry and of our commerce, make it a duty to march upon Mexico, and boldly plant there our flag; to establish either a monarchy, if it is not incompatible with the national sentiment of the country, or, at all events, a government which promises some stability."

WONDERFUL RESCUE.—The Hudson Star tells the following singular story:—A wonderful instance of rescue from drowning occurred at Athens, on Tuesday. The facts, as we have gathered, are these: A boy about eight years old fell into a hole in the Athens channel, a short distance from the new ice house, which is building. He was seen to go down and the alarm was give. While some ran towards the spot, others had the presence of mind to run in the opposite direction to the tool-house, three hundred feet off, for an ice chisel. The ice was new and transparent, and they found the boy was lying upon his back on the top of the water, floating along under the ice. A hole was made, but it passed one side and they could not reach him. A second and third hole further down was made, but with no better success. But through the fourth hole, which for young and old was made very small, a young man thrust his hand and caught him. The ice was cut away and he was taken out, not only alive but conscious. He was soon entirely restored. He had floated, as was found by measurement, one hundred and twelve feet under the ice, with his face up and rubbing against it. He must have taken a full inspiration of air on going down; and the little fellow was taken out with his hands tightly clasped over his mouth and nose, so that not a drop of water had entered his body.

THERE were two circles of blockading ships off Charleston harbor. The outer one, in deep water, was seven miles from Sumter; the inner one was upon the bar. Sailors in the Navy Department are certain that the rebel iron-clads went down only to the latter. They were not calculated for the deep and rough water beyond, and it is declared that they did not go near to or menace the second and outer line of large blockaders.

☞ A story is told of the revenge taken by a Nantucket shipmaster against a United States consul, who was very rarely to be found in his office, although upon his sign were the words—"In from ten to one." The indignant captain, after trying to find the consul several days without success, took a paint brush and altered the official's sign, so that it read "*ten to one* he is not in."

☞ Half the failures in life arise from pulling in one's horse as he is leaping.

☞ A peat meadow in the vicinity of Bath, Me., has been on fire since last spring. While the fields all around are white with snow, this is all warm, and smoke issues from every crevice.

☞ Theodore Hook was walking, in the days of Warren's blacking, where one of the emissaries of that shilling character had written on the wall—"Try Warren's B——," but had been frightened from his propriety and fled. "The rest is *lacking*," said the wit.

☞ In an old play the undertaker reproves one of his mourners for laughing at a funeral, and says to him, "You rascal, you! I have been raising your wages these two years, upon the condition that you should appear sorrowful, and the higher wages you receive the happier you look!"

☞ THE DREAMER'S ORACLE.—If you dream you are somebody else, it is clear you are b side yourself; and if you dream you are a donkey, playing with your oars, it is a sure sign you have recovered your senses, and are wide awake, playing with your own whiskers.

☞ There are yet some hopes of the country, judging from the old saying that "while the poetic spirit remains in any people, the patriotic can never quite die out." Listen to a description by A. N. Dante, of Androscoggin, Me., of a fashionable lady of the present time; and then say whether we're "goners."

"She walks in beauty, like a *knight*,
Like whom she's clad in steel;
She is what flour of foreseen
Would be to indian meal.
Her voice—so charmin' g, musical—
Is not like some, all squeaky;
And her leering makes a greenly robe
Look on her *more unlicky.*"

☞ The Richmond correspondent of the London Times writes that the North is financially used up, and directs his employer's agents in New York to remit him his wages in *greenbacks!*

☞ General Butler required the New Orleans parsons to pray for the President, not because he supposed it would do old Abe any good, but because he thought it might do *them* some from its rarity.

☞ A miser who was asked why he had married a girl from his own kitchen, said that "the union was attended with a double advantage—it saved him not only the expense of a wife, but the taxes on a servant."

LATEST NEWS.

IMPORTANT FROM CHARLESTON.

THE REBEL REPORTS UNTRUE.

NONE OF OUR VESSELS SUNK.

THE REBEL RAMS DRIVEN UP THE HARBOR.

THE BLOCKADE NOT RAISED.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The British Steamship Princess Royal, which was captured off Charleston, S. C., arrived at this port yesterday afternoon, in command of Prize Master Van Sels, of the gunboat Unadilla. From the U. S. officers on board this ship, we learn many interesting particulars in reference to the attack made upon the blockading fleet off Charleston, in which the rebel commanders claimed great victories, and the opening of the blockade.

It appears that the rebel reports of some boats burned, no blockade raised; but on the contrary, the rebel rams were driven back to Charleston.

The story, as told by the prize officers on board the Princess Royal, is a very different one, and is to some extent connected with the capture by the United States steamer Unadilla, of the steamship Princess Royal, on the 29th of January. When the Princess Royal was first observed attempting to run the blockade, the Unadilla immediately started in pursuit. Two days before soundings had been taken off Rattlesnake Shoals by Mr. Van Sels, and the knowledge thus gained led to the capture of the Princess Royal, the captain of which vessel now is by reason of his pursuer to follow so far. The Princess Royal went ashore on Long Island, off the Rattlesnake Shoals, and her captain — Lawson, made his escape in the shore. The Unadilla then proceeded towards the Princess Royal, although the latter vessel was aground, and preparations were immediately made to get the prize off. While this was being done, the rebels were busy on shore endeavoring to bring a battery from a distance to drive off the captors. Before they had completed their labors, the tide turned and the Princess Royal was afloat, and soon afterwards lay within the protection of the blockading fleet, and near the flag ship Roanoke. That position remained for one day, the blockading fleet extending a distance of 16 miles, the gunboat Mercedita, with the Keystone State, occupying the most southern point, off the south channel, and about five miles from Fort Sumter. About three days after, on the morning of the 31st the watch on board the Mercedita saw the black smoke from one of the rams from Charleston, and she was hailed. The reply from the ram was "All right," and the ram proceeded to be near to the Mercedita, but almost at the same instant the ram sent a broadside into the Mercedita, and one ball passing through the boiler killed four men. The ram then swung round under the stern of the Mercedita and thus protected herself from the guns of that vessel. A demand for a surrender was made, and acceded to by the commander of the Mercedita, who believed his vessel to be sinking.

A boat from the Mercedita conveyed a request that the officers and crew be taken off. A message to this effect on board the ram, with a The commander of the ram declined, alleging that he had no room, and proposed to parole the men. While the negotiations were pending, the flag ship of the blockading squadron (the Roanoke) signalled the fleet, the vessels from the n rthernmost station began to arrive. The Keystone, in the meantime discovering the plight of her consort, started under a full head of steam towards the ram, intending to run her down. The ram got loose from the Mercedita in order to meet her coming assailant, and when the Keystone State was within ten yards of the ram, a broadside from the latter disabled her, a ball entering the boiler of the Keystone State, killing 30 and scalding 17. Among the killed was Dr. Goodall and his steward. The Keystone State, although thus disabled, commenced firing broadside after broadside at the ram, and finally the rebel craft got away and headed towards Charleston. The Mercedita and Keystone State were taken in tow by vessels from the fleet.

The ram next turned her attention towards the prize steamship Princess Royal, as though the rebels hoped that vessel might be a sole object of the expedition. Sufficient steam had not been raised on board the prize vessel to assist in getting her off, and when the ram came towards her the engineers got their vessel under way by working the rods themselves until a number of the blockading fleet came to her assistance and again drove the rebel ram off and she disappeared.

The only raising of the blockade was that occasioned by the concentration of the whole fleet at one point, in obedience to the signals from the flag ship, and by sunset the same evening all the vessels had resumed their stations. The fight lasted about two hours. The Mercedita and Keystone State were taken to Port Royal, where a few days will suffice for the repairs to the boilers.

The fleet were unable to do much execution because of being at a long distance, the rebel rams keeping close into shore under the protection of the guns of the forts, and under the protection of the guns of the fort.

The Princess Royal left Port Royal on Tuesday last, at which time it was reported that the New Ironsides was inside the bar at Charleston, and shelling the rebels from the fort. Several of the Monitors were also on hand to render assistance, and carry out the determination of sending the rebels at that point.

From one of the officers we learned some additional particulars of the attack upon the U. S. gunboat Isaac Smith in Stono Inlet. It appears that this vessel was in the practice of making reconnoissances up the inlet daily, several miles from its mouth, and during the night the rebels erected three masked batteries at a certain point and when all were ready a cross fire was opened upon the vessel, doing much execution.

Miscellaneous.

News from Vicksburg to Monday last says that on that morning the U. S. ram Queen of the West ran the gauntlet of the batteries at Vicksburg, although more than a hundred guns were playing on her. She also ran into and crippled a steamer that fired upon her. She is now between Vicksburg and Port Hudson.

The work on the Vicksburg canal is being push d forward. It will have to be cut to the full depth required for the channel, as the water will not be sufficient to make one for itself.

General Rosecrans announces the victory at Fort Donelson in an official despatch to the General in Chief.

The Hecla is at New York with Liverpool dates to the 21st and telegraphic intelligence to the 22d. The cruisers are in search of the Alabama. A ship arrived at England reports being boarded by a U. S. war steamer looking after the pirate.

☞ A bossy fellow was observed the other day driving a "pig," holding on to it tail, and when asked what he was doing, replied that he was studying ge hography.

A DREAM.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Back again, darling? oh, day of delight!
How I have longed for you, morning and night!
Watched for you, pined for you, all the days through
Glowing so hoon and no blessing but you—
Prayed for you, plead for you, sought you in vain,
Striving forever to find you again—
Counting all anguish as nought, if I might
Clasp you again as I clasp you to-night!

Oh, I have sorrowed and suffered so much
Since I last answered your lips' loving touch—
Through the night-watches—in daylight's broad beams,
Anguished by visions and tortured by dreams—
Dreams so replete with bewildering pain,
Still it is throbbing in heart and in brain—
Oh, for I dreamed—keep me close to your side,
Darling, oh, darling—I dreamed you had died!

Dreamed that I stood by your pillow, and heard
From your pale lips, love's last half-uttered word—
And by the light of the May-morning skies
Watched your face whiten, and saw your dear eyes
Gazing far into the Wonderful Land—
Felt your fond fingers grow cold in my hand;—
"Darling," you whispered—"my darling!" you said
Faintly, so faintly—and then you were dead!

Oh, the dark hours when I knelt by your grave,
Calling upon you to love and to save—
Pleading in vain for a sign or a word
Only to tell me you listened and heard—
Only to say you remembered and knew
How all my soul was in anguish for you;
Bitter, despairing, the tears that I shed,
Darling, oh, darling, because you were dead!

Oh, the black days of your absence, my own!
Oh, to be left in the wide world alone!
Long, with our little one clasped to my breast,
Wandered I, seeking for refuge and rest,—
Yet all the world was so careless and cold,
Vainly I sought for a sheltering fold—
There was no roof and no home for my head,
Darling, oh, darling, because you were dead!

Yet, in the midst of the darkness and pain,
Darling, I knew I should find you again!
Knew as the roses know, under the snow,
How the next summer will set them aglow;
So did I always, the dreary days through,
Keep my heart single and sacred to you,
As on the beautiful day we were wed—
Darling, oh, darling, although you were dead!

Oh, the great joy of awaking, to know
I did but dream all that torturing woe!
Oh, the delight, that my searching can trace
Nothing of coldness or change in your face!
Still is your forehead unfurrowed and fair—
None of the light is lost out of your hair—
None of the light from your dear eyes has fled—
Darling, oh, how could I dream you were dead!

Now you are here, you will always remain,
Never, oh, never to leave me again!
How it has vanished, the anguish of years!
Vanished! nay, there are not sorrowful tears—
Happiness only my cheek has imparted—
There is no grieving for me in the world—
Dark clouds may threaten, but I have no fear,
Darling, oh, darling, because you are here!

—*Portland Transcript.*

A BUDGET OF LETTERS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR SIR:—

Knowing you to be a philanthropist, and interested in the welfare of the working classes, I, as the representative of hundreds of thousands who have never yet, in words, given expression to their complaints, or asked sympathy for their wrongs, appeal to you. My story shall be as brief as possible, that I may not tax your patience overmuch.

In all works of imagination, a description of the heroine seems to have been considered essential. Practical as I am, as the heroine of my own story, it may not be amiss to give you some idea of my person.

Our family is a large one, but it has its distinctive features and marked peculiarities. We are, compared with human beings, a dwarfish race, averaging only about three feet and a half in height. I cannot boast of a head, though I have one eye, something equivalent to a mouth, and several very strong and valuable teeth. I have two good arms, but only one leg; this deficiency is partly compensated for by two feet, and I may proudly say that our family can run faster than perhaps any other of the species.—Nevertheless, we do not run from an opposing force, but always face the foe, and never yield an inch of vantage-ground, resolutely pressing on to conquest.

My sisters and myself are always richly and neatly clad. My dress, though an improvement on the ancient fig-leaf, like that originated in the primeval forests of luxuriant tropic vegetation. Our ornaments are principally of shining silver and glittering steel, judiciously and tastefully arranged.

My memory does not extend very far back. I can recall but little of my early history. Like the goddess of Wisdom, whom in many respects we resemble, I, in common with others of my race, may have sprung, all armed, from the brain of some great and beneficent deity. Vague reminiscences still hang about me, as of Vulcan's forge, and many tools, of hammering and sawing, filing and drilling, but they are shadowy and disconnected. My earliest positive recollections are of a vast assemblage of the sisterhood, whom I recognized by their likeness to myself; but I had hardly time to observe, far less to greet them, when I was unceremoniously seized, and, as I then thought, barbarously mutilated, and thrust into a dark prison. How long I was confined there I have no means of telling, for I "take no note of time but from its loss," and being endowed with perpetual youth, have had little occasion to number the hours. When I again emerged into daylight the scene was changed. A friendly hand untied my disordered members, and friendly voices greeted me. I was placed in a warm corner, and allowed to use my eye and exercise my cramped limbs. It was then that I formed my first intimacy with humanity, having attained an age and position in which I could reflect and reason.

My mistress was pleased with me and proud of me. In my turn, I sought to lighten her labors by the use of all the powers of my nature. Though I could speak only in a low and indistinct hum, which she could not fully interpret, she recognized my voice as that of a friend. When wearied with manifold household toils, she sat down beside me, relieved by my presence, and confiding in my ready sympathy. She knew me to be no mere summer friend, but true as steel through all seasons.

You will think, perhaps, that with a kind and appreciative mistress, light labors, plenty of nourishing food, and excellent digestion, my lot must thenceforth have been a happy one, my sky free from clouds. Alas! how little does humanity comprehend the trials of inferior races subject to its control.

As usual, when a stranger arrives in a place, I received many calls. With all my mistress's energy she could not save me from being roughly handled by the curious, who had nearly destroyed me in their eagerness to examine the structure of this, to them, novel creature. Fortunately for me, my nerves are of iron and my muscles of steel, and though my members may be disarranged, they are not easily broken.

Another very serious trouble to me has been that I was not at first supposed to be capable of feeding myself. I was therefore crammed till my teeth ached with trying to devour, and my digestion was seriously impaired. It may here be asked what kind of food is most to my taste. My principal diet has been cotton, and in these times, when cotton is scarce and high, the only fault which can be found with me is my voracity. Place a piece of cloth beside me, and I swallow sheets, table-cloths, pillow cases, towels, &c., with the appetite of an anaconda, as fast as they can be served up to me. Though everything about me betokens a warm and genial disposition, and as I have said, my dress originated in a tropic clime, I yet, like the inhabitant of the frigid zone, require a diet consisting partly of oil. If this is withheld, my joints grow stiff, I lose my appetite, and my whole system languishes.

Here my mistress suggests that, as the metallic points by which I have succeeded in establishing a communication with her as my amanuensis, are but imperfect and slow methods of imparting ideas, I allow her to tell the rest of my story through the medium of a purer metal, one of A. Morton's gold pens, which she assures me is more conducive to an easy flow of thought, as well as an elegant chirography, than the coarser marks of my clumsier fingers. She has therefore broken the thread of my discourse, and somewhat unceremoniously ordered me to "shut up." Obedient from habit as well as inclination, I respectfully subscribe myself

A SEWING MACHINE.

LETTER II.

MY DEAR UNKNOWN FRIEND:—

I take pleasure in imagining you to be, like myself, a countrywoman. I had almost said "lady," but the latter suggests to me, in this connection, the idea of an elegant, languid, and delicately fingered beauty, alternating between a damask-covered lounge with a yellow-covered novel, a carriage with liveried coachman and footman, the sumptuously furnished parlor of a fashionable friend, the opera, concert, or ball-room. You, my dear madam, I am happy in believing, inhale the fresh air of the fields, and walk out to visit your neighbor, fearless of the dewy grass, with stout shoes on your feet, carrying your knitting-work in your pocket. Your summer pleasures are the free concerts of the bright plumed warblers of the air, and your winter amusements a pleasant book read by the light of a cheerful lamp, before a bright and blazing wood fire.

This is the poetic side of the picture, in the foreground of which you form a prominent figure. I also imagine you with "nine small children and one" in your arms, rising at daybreak, dressing the children, milking the cows, preparing the breakfast, washing the dishes, skimming the milk, churning and cheese-making, feeding the pigs and chickens, making the beds, sweeping the house, cooking the dinner, washing, ironing, baking and brewing. I see you during harvest-time, with hurried feet going about your extra household duties. I see you when summer yields its bountiful store of berries, industriously canning them as they are picked by little fingers, and when autumn lavishes its wealth of fruit, busily paring apples and peaches for the dry-house. Neither do I forget, dear friend, for my heart warms towards you as I proceed, the duties devolving upon you at the slaughter of those unromantic creatures, swine. The lard to be tried out, the sausage-meat to be chopped, the brine to be prepared, the pork to be pickled, and all those mysterious and palatable viands which ingenious housewifery concocts, known as head cheese, souse, &c. When winter comes, and with it the long evenings and the bright fire, the husband and the nine small children must go barefoot, but for your unremitting industry.

Are you overwhelmed with the prospect of years of such toils? And yet I have not mentioned the needle: not said one word about shirts, pants, coats, vests, aprons, dresses, and all the unmentionable garments of the wardrobe which Mother Eve bequeathed to her remotest descendants. Methinks I hear you sigh as you recall what you have already done, and reflect on what remains for you to do, ere you find that rest which the weary housewife longs for, and sees nowhere but in the grave.

While, with your polished knitting-needles for a moment idle, and your work lying carelessly in your lap, you are lost in meditation on the burdens which seem all too heavy for feeble woman's strength, allow me to suggest a remedy.

A SEWING MACHINE.

LETTER III.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR MADAM:

In my last letter I admitted a sunbeam into your mind shrouded with anxiety and care. Let me raise the curtain higher, as you are able to bear it, till by degrees the full radiance of the mid-day sun gladdens your vision.

Your kind and thoughtful husband, having witnessed your noble exertions to make his home happy, has been racking his brains for some method of lightening your labors. On New Year's day he visits the neighboring town, and loading himself with toys and candy for the little ones, can think of no better present for you than a sewing-machine.

I have supposed you to live "remote from cities," and very possibly with no information respecting the sewing-machine except from the printed directions which accompany it. You find yourself gazing wonderingly at a multiplicity of mechanical contrivances quite new to you, and supplied with a variety of tools the uses of which you do not know. To me the book of directions now seems very plain. But I must candidly confess, that, being by nature endowed with profound stupidity with regard to mechanics, and wholly unaccustomed to the use of machinery, it was at first like the grammar of a new language. You may not, and probably do not, any more than I did, have a clear idea of "balance-wheels," "band-wheels," "sandal-shafts," "clasp rings," "pitmans," "rotating hooks," "loop checks," "feed-bars," "feed-springs," "volute-springs," "bobbins," "tension-pulleys," &c. It is perfectly proper, and very clear to the initiated and those who have just graduated from the dictionary, to talk of "peripherys," and "chamfered portions," but alas! to the mother of the nine plus one small children, who has even forgotten how to spell *phthisic*, a few verbal instructions, illustrated by an exhibition of the various parts alluded to, would be much more useful and satisfactory. Having worried through the sewing-machine grammar, whose dilapidated leaves bear witness to my faithful perusal, let me simplify it for you.

I will presume your sewing-machine to be one of Wheeler & Wilson's half case. This is not an unnatural supposition, for if your husband has been thoughtful enough to provide such an assistant to your household labors, he has shown himself to be a man of too much sense to throw away his money on the cheap, clumsy, and ephemeral things, which are thrust into the market in every direction, now that sewing-machines have been discovered to be a necessity. Before you is a smooth and glistening plate, called the cloth-plate, because the cloth for sewing passes over it. Suspended above this plate are the extremities of two arms, one holding the needle, and the other terminating in what is called the cloth-presser, the latter having a hole through which the needle passes. At the right of the cloth-plate, and beneath it, is the bobbin or spool used for the under thread, held against the rotating hook by a small frame fastened by a screw. Here also is a leather loop-check or brush, the use of which is explained in the directions. The leather one is to be kept well oiled, the brush is to be touched with oil only occasionally. On the left of the cloth-plate, or rather on your left as you sit before the machine, and also beneath it, is the lever which regulates the length of the stitch. This is fastened to the plate, so that when the latter is unscrewed and removed, you cannot witness the operation. It increases or lessens the movement of the feed-bar and thus lengthens or shortens the stitch. At the other extremity of the needle arm we find the tension-pulley, which is regulated by a spring, secured by a screw.

Your first lesson should be to acquire a regular motion of the foot. This is best learned with no thread in the needle. The next lesson may be to guide the work, which is also best learned with the needle only. These accomplishments having been acquired, you may wind the under thread on the metallic spool. And here let me give you a little useful information with regard to thread. Follow the directions of the book implicitly as to the proportions, and you will have no trouble. The thread most easily obtained is Coat's, which is always to be depended upon. It must be of the very best quality, as it is evident that a knot or rough place suddenly coming in contact with the eye of the needle when the machine is in rapid motion, must unavoidably pull it to one side, in which case the point of the needle strikes the metal and bends or breaks. Heavy work is best sewn with machine-silk. Coarse cotton of dark colors, can be used with dark work, (Coat's, Orrs & McNaught's, or Clark's,) but no black cotton is strong enough. Some tailors use, for black work, the thread of the Willimantic Linen Company. I have never tried it. Linen thread on spools is also sold for this purpose, but must be carefully tried before using freely, as linen is too fibrous to make a smooth thread. For silk the tension must be made tighter than for cotton.

The length of the stitch must be proportioned to the lightness of the tension. If you lengthen your stitch, loosen the tension, for the evident reason that a long stitch requires more thread than a short one. Experiment on cloth about the thickness of that you intend to sew, that you may not have the trouble of picking out work you wish to have permanent. The stitch once regulated, it is best to have a quantity of work prepared, requiring about the same arrangement of stitch. If plain seams, then try to do a number in succession, then do all your gathering or hemming at a time. If you have some one who can baste nicely, much more work can be accomplished. To baste for the machine so as to save labor requires some ingenuity. One seam will serve for a binding. If you wish to hem or face on the right side, let your basting stitches on that side be longer and even that they may serve as a guide. If your needles are not adjusted so as to strike exactly in the centre of the hole in the cloth-presser, bend them with the pincers till they do. In commencing a seam, you are told to leave several inches of thread; in sewing many short seams where they do not need to be fastened off, you have but to place the first edge of the new seam under the cloth-presser next to the last edge of the old seam, and afterwards cut them apart. Pull the upper thread with your thumb and finger when you wish to take out your work, and raise the cloth-presser.

Allow no one to meddle with your machine but the member of the family who is to do the sewing. The fewer persons who have to deal with it the better, and the longer will it last. Take it apart daily and oil as per directions, using nothing but the pure sperm oil furnished by the agents. If you bend the point of a needle, sharpen it upon the circular hone which accompanies the machine, placing the hone on the cylinder where you wind the metallic spool, and turning the point of the needle as the hone revolves. If your cloth has much dressing rub a little soap where the seam is to be, and after sharpening your needle soap the point of that a little. Do not let Tommy or Johnny or the baby play with the metallic spools, however tempting to teething children. If the edges are rough they will wear off the thread.

These are all the directions I think of at present. Some I learned from the book, some by perplexed experience, and some were given me by friends. Follow them faithfully, and then let me know how you like your new

SEWING MACHINE.

LETTER IV.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR MADAM:

I feel that it would be almost an act of injustice, however much the effort may cost me to give it, were I to withhold a little supplementary advice, also founded on experience, which you may find extremely useful. Additional lessons to those already given cannot harm, and may benefit you.

If you have never acquired that very convenient accomplishmeat:

Learn to say No.

I sincerely trust *you* will not be more than once asked to lend your sewing machine almost before it is unpacked, certainly before you have learned to use it. I sincerely trust you will not see, as I have seen, the best friends grow cool and drop off because you cannot conscientiously allow the wives of Thomas, Richard and Henry to experiment upon your new treasure. A sewing machine is not a sausage-cutter, a corn sheller, a cider-press, or a cooking-stove. I can imagine the astonishment of your neighbor, who has just purchased a new cooking stove, when you, on the pretext that yours is nearly worn out, and before buying another you wish to see whether hers is the best kind, walk into her house at dawn some fine morning and setting her husband to chop firewood for your use, coolly call for the various ingredients which constitute a loaf of bread, and while the family are waiting for breakfast, leisurely proceed with your operations, till having succeeded in obtaining a satisfactory result, you walk off with your loaf, with scarcely even a thanksgiving. I can imagine also the surprise of your neighbor who has just bought a new horse and carriage to have you, who have none of your own, though you can better afford to buy one than he can, send for them every time you wish to ride on business or for pleasure. Still more absurd is it for your neighbor to expect that you, as yet imperfectly understanding the machine, and inexpert at using it, can be ready at all times to leave your housework or your own sewing to execute theirs. For instance, you are making a pair of pants which Willie sadly needs. You have succeeded in adjusting every part of the machine to your satisfaction, and are prospering to your heart's content, when in comes Mrs. B. with some very fine stitching for a baby's dress. Out comes your No. 3 needle and your linen thread, you unwind from the metallic spool all the thread you have just made ready for your own sewing, put in a fine needle, wind a spool of fine cotton, alter the stitch and tension, and all for a piece of work which it takes about fifteen minutes to accomplish. The probability is that the visitor, ignorant of the quality of thread required, brings you a poor article, and rather than disappoint her you use your own. A little thread is nothing. And what is a needle? Nothing, also, madam, if you give it fair usage, for the same needle may be sewn with for six months, and by carelessness or poor thread you may break twenty in a day. You do not like to ask her to pay you for your needle or your thread, the loop-checks worn out, or the oil, of which you have used the last drop in her service, and which cannot be obtained short of a ten miles' ride over almost impassable roads to the nearest town. You do not like to ask a few cents a yard for sewing, as you have neither time nor ability to sew for all, and to make exceptions would give offence. I could give you some items of my experience, brief as it has been, which would determine you to be resolute from the beginning. For want of this resolution I have suffered three years of martyrdom, and yet I dare not go into particulars, for the offenders are, or have been, my bosom friends. My sewing machine has, as a magnet arranges iron filings, divided these friends into two very distinct classes—those who come and those who stay away on its account.

With the advent of the year '63 I have turned over a new leaf. I have made a nice needle book and filled it with machine needles. I have provided myself with every variety and size of thread which I expect to have occasion to use. I have placed my machine in a light and pleasant corner of the room, and solemnly declared that under no circumstances, for no permissiveness, however eloquent, no diplomacy, however crafty, nor for any consideration, however weighty, shall friend or foe, shall any mortal hand but mine own meddle with my

SEWING MACHINE.

DR. FRANKLIN AND HIS MOTHER.

It was an idea of Dr. Franklin's, if not a settled opinion, that a mother might, by a kind of instinct of natural affection, recognize her children, even though she had lost the recollection of their features. And on a visit to his native town of Boston, he determined to ascertain by experiment whether his theory was correct or not.

On a bleak and chilly day in the month of January, the doctor, late in the afternoon, knocked on the door of his mother's house, and asked to speak with Mrs. Franklin. He found the old lady knitting before the parlor fire. He introduced himself, and observing that he understood she entertained travellers, requested lodgings for the night.

She eyed him with that cold look of disapprobation which most people assume who imagine themselves insulted by being supposed to exercise an employment which they deem a degree below their real occupation in life. She assured him he had been misinformed—she did not keep a tavern, nor did she keep a house to entertain strangers. It was true, she added, that to oblige some members of the Legislature, she took a small number of them into her family during the session; that she had four members of the Council and six of the House of Representatives, who then boarded with her, and that all her beds were full.

Having said this, she resumed her knitting with that intense application which said, as forcibly as she could, if you have concluded your business, the sooner you leave the better. But on the doctor wrapping his cloak about him, affecting to shiver, and observing that the weather was very cold, she pointed to a chair, and gave him leave to warm himself.

The entrance of boarders prevented all further conversation. Coffee was served, and he partook with the family. To the coffee, according to the good old custom of the times, succeeded a plate of pippins, pies, and a paper of tobacco, when the whole company formed a cheerful semi-circle before the fire.

Perhaps no man ever possessed colloquial powers in a more fascinating degree than Doctor Franklin, and never was there an occasion on which he displayed them to better advantage than the present one. He drew the attention of the company by the solidity of his modest remarks, instructing them by the varied, new and striking lights in which he placed his subjects, and delighted them with apt illustration and amusing anecdotes.

Thus employed the hours passed merrily along until supper was announced. Mrs. Franklin, busied with her household affairs, supposed the intruding stranger had left the house immediately after coffee, and it was with dislike she saw him seat himself at the table with the freedom of a member of the family.

Immediately after supper she called an elderly gentleman, a member of the Council in whom she was accustomed to confide, into another room, complained bitterly of the rudeness of the stranger, told the manner of his introduction to her house, and observed that he seemed an outlandish sort of a man. She thought he had something very suspicious in his appearance, and she concluded by soliciting her friend's advice as to the way she could most easily rid herself of his presence. The old gentleman assured her that the stranger was surely a young man of good education, and, to all appearances, a gentleman—that, perhaps, being in agreeable company, he paid no attention to the lateness of the hour. He advised her to call the stranger aside, and repeat her inability to lodge him. She accordingly sent her maid to him, and with as much complacency as she could command, she recapitulated the situation of her family, observed that it grew late, and mildly intimated he would do well to seek lodgings.

The Doctor replied that he would by no means incommode the family, but with her leave he would smoke one more pipe with her boarders, and then retire.

He returned to the company, filled his pipe, and with the first whiff his conversational powers returned with double force. He recounted the hardships endured by their ancestors, he extolled their piety, virtue and devotion to religious freedom. The subject of the day's debate in the House of Representatives was mentioned by one of the members. A bill had been introduced to extend the prerogative of the royal Governor. The doctor immediately joined in the discussion, supported the colonial rights with new and forcible arguments, was familiar with the names of the influential men in the House when Dudley was Governor, recited their speeches and applauded their noble defence of the charter of rights.

During a discourse so appropriately interesting to the delighted company, no wonder the clock struck unperceived by them. Nor was it a wonder that the patience of Mrs. Franklin became entirely exhausted. She now entered the room and addressed the doctor before the whole company, with a warmth glowing with a determination to be her own protectress. She told him plainly that she thought herself imposed on, but that she had friends who would defend her, and insisted that he should immediately leave the house.

The doctor made a slight apology and deliberately put on his great coat and hat; took leave of the company, and approached the street door, attended by the mistress and lighted by the maid.

While the doctor and his companions had been enjoying themselves within a most tremendous storm of wind and rain had occurred, and no sooner had the maid lifted the latch than a roaring northwester forced open the door, extinguished the light, and almost filled the entry with drifted snow and hail. As soon as the candle was relighted, the doctor cast a woeful look toward the door and thus addressed his mother:

"My dear madam, can you turn me out in this storm? I am a stranger in this town and will perish in the street. You look like a charitable lady—I should not think that you could turn a dog from your house this cold and stormy night."

"Don't talk of charity!" replied his mother, "charity begins at home. It is your own fault, not mine, that you have tarried so long. To be plain with you, sir, I do not like either your looks or conduct, and fear you have some bad design in thus intruding into my family."

The wrath of this parley had drawn the company from the parlor, and by their united interference the stranger was permitted to lodge in the house, and as no bed could be had he consented to rest in an easy chair before the parlor fire.

Though the boarders appeared to confide in the stranger's honesty, it was not so with Mrs. Franklin. With suspicious caution she collected her silver spoons, pepper-box and porringer, from her closets, and after securing her parlor door by sticking a fork over the latch, carried the valuables to her chamber, charging the negro man to sleep with his clothes on, to take the great cleaver to bed with him, and to waken and seize the vagrant at the first noise he should make in attempting to plunder.

Mrs. Franklin rose before the sun, roused the domestics, and was quite agreeably surprised to find her guest quietly sleeping in his chair. She awoke him with a cheerful good-morning, inquired how he rested, and invited him to partake of her breakfast, which was always served previous to that of her boarders.

"And pray, sir," said Mrs. Franklin, "as you appear to be a stranger in Boston, to what distant country do you belong?"

"I belong, madam, to the colony of Pennsylvania, and reside in Philadelphia."

At the mention of Philadelphia, the doctor declared that he for the first time perceived something like emotion in her.

"Philadelphia!" said she, while the earnest anxiety of a mother suffused her eye, "why if you live in Philadelphia perhaps you know my Ben?"

"Who, madam?"

"Ben Franklin. My dear Ben. Oh! how I would give the world to see him! He is the dearest son that ever blessed a mother."

"What! is Ben Franklin the printer, your son? Why, he is my most intimate friend. He and I worked together and lodged in the same room."

"Oh! heaven forgive me!" exclaimed the lady raising her tearful eyes, "and I have suffered a friend of my son Ben to sleep upon this hard chair, while I myself rested on a soft bed!"

Mrs. Franklin then told her unknown guest that though he had been absent from her ever since he was a child, she could not fail to know him among a thousand strange faces, for there was a natural feeling in the breast of every mother, which she knew would enable her without a possibility of a mistake, to recognize her son in any disguise he might assume.

Franklin doubted and took leave to dispute his mother's proposition on the power of natural feeling. He said he had tried the "natural feeling" in his own mother, and found it deficient in the power she ascribed to it.

"And did your mother," inquired she, "not know you? or if she did not seem to know you, was not her *kindness* to you an evidence that she saw something in your appearance which was dear to her, so that she could not resist treating you with particular tenderness and affection?"

"No, indeed," replied Franklin, "she neither knew me, nor did she treat me with the least symptoms of kindness. She would have turned me out of doors but for the interposition of strangers. She could hardly be persuaded to let me sit at her table. I knew I was in my mother's house, and had a claim upon her hospitality; and therefore you may suppose when she peremptorily commanded me to leave the house, I was in no hurry to obey."

"Surely," interrupted his mother, "she could not have treated you so unmotherly without some cause."

"I gave her none," replied the doctor. "She would tell you herself I had always been a dutiful son—that she doted upon me, and when I came to her house as a stranger, my behavior was scrupulously correct and respectful. It was a stormy night, and I had been absent so long that I had become a stranger in the place. I told my mother this, and yet, so little was she influenced by the 'natural feeling' of which you speak, that she absolutely refused me a bed, and would hardly suffer what she called my presumption in taking a seat at the table. But this was not the worst, for no sooner was the supper ended than my good mother told me with an air of solemn earnestness, that I must leave the house."

Franklin then proceeded to describe the scene at the front door—the snow drift that came so opportunely into the entry—his appeal to her "natural feeling" of a mother—her unnatural and unfeeling rejection of his prayer—and, finally, her very reluctant compliance with the solicitations of other persons in his behalf—that he might be permitted *to sleep in a chair.*

Every word in this touching recital went home to the heart of Mrs. Franklin, who could not fail to perceive that it was a true narrative of the events of the preceding night in her own house; and while she endeavored to escape from the self-reproach that she had acted the part of an unfeeling mother, she could not easily resist the conviction that the stranger, who became more and more interesting to her as he proceeded in his discourse, was indeed her own son. But when she observed the tender expressiveness of his eyes, as he feelingly recapitulated the circumstances under which she attempted to turn him shelterless into the street, her maternal conviction overcame all doubts, and she threw herself into his arms exclaiming, "It must be—it must be my dear Ben!"

GOLDEN WORDS.

BY ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

Some words are played on golden strings,
Which I so highly rate,
I cannot bear for meaner things
Their sound to desecrate.

For every day they are not meet,
Or for a careless tone;
They are for rarest, and most sweet,
And noblest use alone.

One word is Fame: which is flung
So carelessly away,
When such as you and I have sung,
We hear it, day by day.

Men pay it for a tender phrase
Set in a cadenced rhyme:
I keep it as a crown of praise
To crown the kings of time.

And Love: the slightest feelings, stirred
By trivial fancy, seek
Expression in that golden word
They tarnish while they speak.

Nay, let the heart's slow, rare decree,
That word in reverence keep;
Silence herself should only be
More sacred and more deep.

For ever: men have grown at length
To use that word, to raise
Some feeble protest into strength,
Or turn some tender phrase.

It should be said in awe and fear
By true heart and strong will,
And burn more brightly year by year,
A starry witness still.

Honor: all trifling hearts are fond
Of that divine appeal,
And men, upon the slightest bond,
Set it as slighter seal.

That word should most a noble foe
Upon a noble field,
And echo—like a deadly blow
Turned by a silver shield.

Trust me, the worth of words is such
They guard all noble things,
And that this rash irreverent touch
Has jarred some golden strings.

For what the lips have lightly said
The heart will lightly hold,
And things on which we daily tread
Are lightly bought and sold.

The sun of every day will bleach
The costliest purple hue,
And so our common daily speech
Discolors what was true.

But as you keep some thoughts apart
In sacred honored care,
If in the silence of your heart,
Their utterance too be rare;

Then, while a thousand words repeat
Unmeaning clamors all,
Melodious golden echoes sweet
Shall answer when you call.

FROM AN ENGLISH PERIODICAL.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

"But I'm not a widow, and I haven't got two mites."

"My dear, you are a widow, and you have got two mites."

"I'll tell both of you something that will astonish you. I've made a calculation, and I find that if everybody in England would give up their Christmas dinner; that is, in Scotland and Ireland, too—"

"They never have any in Ireland, Bob."

"Hold your tongue till I've done, Charley. They do have Christmas dinners in Ireland. It's pretty nearly the only day that they do, and I don't count much upon them either. But if everybody gave up his special Christmas dinner, and dined as he does on other days, the saving would amount to two millions and a half."

Charley whistled.

"Two millions and a half is a large sum of money," said Mrs. Granger, the elder lady of the party.

"Those calculations never do any good," said the younger lady, who had declared herself not to be a widow.

"Those calculations do a great deal of good," continued Bob, carrying on his argument with continued warmth. "They show us what a great national effort would do."

"A little national effort I should call that," said Mrs. Granger. "But I should doubt the two millions and a half."

"Half a crown a head on thirty million people would do it. You are to include all the beer, wine, and whiskey. But suppose you take off one-fifth for the babies and young girls, who don't drink."

"Thank you, Bob," said the younger lady, —Nora Field by name.

"And two more fifths for the poor, who haven't got the half-crown a head," said the elder lady.

"And you'd ruin the grocer and butcher," said Charley.

"And never get your half-crown after all," said Nora.

It need hardly be said that the subject under discussion was the best mode of abstracting from the pockets of the non-suffering British public a sufficiency of money to sustain the suffering portion during the period of the cotton famine. Mr. Granger was the rector of Plumstock, a parish in Cheshire, sufficiently near to the manufacturing districts to give to every incident of life at that time a coloring taken from the distress of the neighborhood; but which had not itself ever touched on cotton,—for Plumstock boasted that it was purely agricultural. Mr. Granger was, however, head of the branch relief committee, which had its centre in Liverpool; and the whole question, with the different modes of relief which it might be, should be, or should not be relieved, were constantly under discussion in the rectory. Mr. Granger himself was a practical man, somewhat hard in his manners, but by no means hard in his heart, who had in these times taken upon himself the business of alms-begging on a large scale. He declined to look at the matter in a political, statistical, or economical point of view, and answered all questions as to rates, rates in aid, loans, and the Consolidated Fund, with a touch of sarcasm, which showed the heat of his own mind.

"I've no doubt you'll have settled all that in the wisest possible way by the time that the war is over, and the river full of cotton again."

"Father," Bob replied, pointing across the Cheshire flats to the Mersey, "that river will never again be full of American cotton."

"It will be all the same for the present purpose, if it comes from India," said the rector, declining all present argument on the great American question. To collect alms was his immediate work, and he would do nothing else. Five-pound notes, sovereigns, half-crowns, shillings, and pence! In search of these he was urgent, we may almost say day and night, begging with a pertinacity which was disagreeable, but irresistible. The man who gave him five sovereigns, instantly became the mark for another petition.—"When you have got your dinner, you have

doubt whether there be any necessity for you to invite this exertion. A marriage should be a gala festival according to the means of the people married, and the bridegroom has a right to expect that his bride shall come to him fairly arrayed, and bright with wedding trappings. I think we can do, my pet, without rubbing you of your little bravveries."

"Ah, as for that, of course you can do without me."

There was a little acrimony in her tone; not because she was feeling herself to be misunderstood, but because she knew that she could not explain herself further. She could not tell her uncle that the poor among the Jews might have been relieved without the contribution of those two mites, but that the widow would have lost all had she not so contributed. She had hardly arranged her thoughts as to the double blessing of charity, and certainly could not express them with reference to her own case; but she felt the need of giving in this time of trouble something that she herself valued. She was right when she had said that it was hard to be a widow. How many among us, when we give, give from off our own backs, and from out of our own mouths? Who can say that he has sacrificed a want of his own; that he has abandoned a comfort; that he has worn a thread-bare coat, when coats with their gloss on have been his customary wear; that he has fared roughly in cold scraps, whereas a well-spread board has been his usual daily practice? He who has done so, has thrown in his two mites, and for him will charity produce her double blessing.

Nora thought that it was not well in her uncle to tell her that he could do without her wedding-clothes. Of course he could do without them. But she soon threw those words behind her, and went back upon the words which had preceded them: "The bridegroom has a right to expect that the bride shall come to him fairly arrayed." After all, that must depend upon circumstances. Suppose the bride had not the means of arraying herself fairly without getting into debt; what would the bridegroom expect in that case? "If he'll consent, you will?" she said, as she prepared to leave her uncle.

"You'll drive him to offer to pay for the things himself."

"I daresay he will, and then he'll drive me to refuse. You may be quite sure of this, uncle, that whatever clothes I do wear, he will never see the bill of them;" and then that conference was ended.

"I've made that calculation again," said Bob at breakfast, "and I feel convinced that if an Act of Parliament could be passed restricting the consumption of food in Christmas week, the entire week, mind, to that of ordinary weeks, we should get two millions of money, and that those two millions would tide us over till the Indian cotton comes in. Of course I mean by food, butchers' meat, groceries, spirits, and wines. Only think, that by one measure, which would not entail any real disappointment on any one, the whole thing would be done."

"But the Act of Parliament wouldn't give us the money," said his father.

"Of course I don't really mean an Act of Parliament; that would be absurd. But the people might give up their Christmas dinners."

"A great many will, no doubt. Many of those most in earnest are pretty nearly giving up their daily dinners. Those who are indifferent will go on feasting the same as ever. You can't make a sacrifice obligatory."

"It would be no sacrifice if you did," said Nora, still thinking of her wedding-clothes.

"I doubt whether sacrifices ever do any real good," said Frederic F. Frew.

"Oh, Fred!" said Nora.

"We have rather high authority as to the benefit of self-denial," said the parson.

"A man who can't sacrifice himself must be selfish," said Bobby; "and we are all agreed to hate selfish people."

"And what about the widow's mite?" said Mrs. Granger.

"That's all very well, and you may knock me down with the Bible if you like, as you might do also if I talked about pre-Adamite formations. I believe every word of the Bible, but I do not believe that I understand it all thoroughly."

"You might understand it better if you studied it more," said the parson.

"Very likely. I won't be so uncourteous as to say the same thing of my elders. But now, about these sacrifices. You wouldn't wish to keep people in distress that you might benefit yourself by relcasing them?"

"But the people in distress are there," said Nora.

"They oughtn't to be there; and as your self-sacrifices, after all, are very insufficient to prevent distress, there certainly seems to be a question open whether some other mode should not be tried. Give me the country in which the humanitarian principle is so exercised that no one shall be degraded by the receipt of charity. It seems to me that you like poor people here in England that you may gratify yourselves by giving them, not as much to eat as they want, but just enough to keep their skins from falling off their bones. Charity may have its double blessing, but it may also have its double curse."

"Not charity, Mr. Frew," said Mrs. Granger.

"Look at your Lady Bountiful."

"Of course it depends on the heart," continued the lady; "but charity, if it be charity—"

"I'll tell you what," said Frederic F. Frew, interrupting her. "In Philadelphia, which is some matters is the best organized city I know—"

"I'm going down to the village," said the parson, jumping up; "who is to come with me?" and he escaped out of the room before Frew had an opportunity of saying a word further about Philadelphia.

"That's the way with your uncle always," said he, turning to Nora, almost in anger "It certainly is the most conclusive argument I know—that of running away."

"Mr. Granger meant it to be conclusive," said the elder lady.

"But the pity is that it never convinces."

"Mr. Granger probably had no desire of convincing."

"Ah! Well, it does not signify," said Frew. "When a man has a pulpit of his own, why should he trouble himself to argue in any place where counter arguments must be met and sustained?"

Nora was almost angry with her lover, whom she regarded as stronger and more clever than any of her uncle's family, but tyrannical and sometimes overbearing in the use of his strength. One by one her aunt and cousin left the room, and she was left alone with him. He had taken up a newspaper as a refuge in his wrath, for in truth he did not like the manner in which his allusions to his own country were generally treated at the parsonage. There are Englishmen who think that every man differing with them is bound to bet with them on any point in dispute. "Then you decline to back your opinion," such men say when the bet is refused. The feeling of an American is the same as to those who are unwilling to argue with him. He considers that every intelligent being is bound to argue whenever matter of argument is offered to him; nor can he understand that any subject may be too sacred for argument. Frederic F. Frew, on the present occasion, was as a dog from whose very mouth a bone had been taken. He had given one or two loud, open growls, and now sat with his newspaper, showing his teeth as far as the spirit of the thing went. And it was in this humor that Nora found herself called upon to attack him on the question of her own proposed charity. She knew well that he could bark, even at her, if things went wrong with him. "But then he never bites," she said to herself. He had told her that she might come to her wedding in an old cloak if she pleased, but she had understood that there was nothing serious in this permission. Now, at this very moment, it was incumbent on her to open his eyes to the reality of her intention.

"Fred," she said, "are you reading that newspaper because you are angry with me?"

"I am reading the newspaper because I want to know what there is in it."

"You know all that now, just as well as if you had written it. Put it down, sir!" And she put her hand on the top of the sheet. "If we are to be married in three weeks' time, I expect that you will be a little attentive to me now. You'll read as many papers as you like after that, no doubt."

"Upon my word, Nora, I think your uncle is the most unfair man I ever met in my life."

"Perhaps he thinks the same of you, and that will make it equal."

"He can't think the same of me. I defy him to think that I'm unfair. There's nothing so unfair as hitting a blow, and then running away when the time comes for receiving the counterblow. It's what your Lord Chatham did, and he never ought to have been listened to in Parliament again."

"That's a long time ago," said Nora, who probably felt that her lover should not talk to her about Lord Chatham just three weeks before their marriage.

"I don't know that the time makes any difference."

"Ah;—but I have got something else that I want to speak about. And, Fred, you mustn't turn up your nose at what we are all doing here,—as to giving away things, I mean."

"I don't turn up my nose at it. Haven't I been begging of every American in Liverpool till I'm ashamed of myself."

"I know you have been very good, and now you must be more good still,—good to me specially, I mean— That isn't being good. That's only being foolish." What little ceremony had led to this last assertion I need not perhaps explain. "Fred, I'm an Englishwoman to-day, but in a month's time I shall be an American."

"I hope so, Nora,—heart and soul."

"Yes, that is what I mean. Whatever is my husband's country must be mine. And you know how well I love your country; do you not? I never run away when you talk to me about Philadelphia,—do I? And you know how I admire all your institutions—my institutions, as they will be."

"Now, I know you're going to ask some very great favor."

"Yes, I am; and I don't mean to be refused, Master Fred. I'm to be an American almost to-morrow, but as yet I am an Englishwoman, and I am bound to do what little I can before I leave my country. Don't you think so?"

"I don't quite understand."

"Well, it's about my wedding-clothes. It does seem stupid talking about them, I know. But I want you to let me do without them altogether. Now you've got the plain truth. I want to give Uncle Robert the money for his soup-kitchen, and to be married just as I am now. I do not care one straw what any other creature in the world may say about it, so long as I do not displease you."

"I think it's nonsense, Nora."

"Oh, Fred, don't say so. I have set my heart upon it. I'll do anything for you afterwards. Indeed, for the matter of that, I'd do anything on earth for you, whether you agree or whether you do not. You know that."

"But, Nora, you wouldn't wish to make yourself appear foolish? How much money will you save?"

"Very nearly twenty pounds altogether."

"Let me give you twenty pounds, so that you may have it with your uncle by way of your two mites, as you call it."

"No, no; certainly not. I might just as well send you the milliner's bill; might I not?"

"I don't see why you shouldn't do that?"

"Ah, but I do. You wouldn't wish me to be guilty of the pretence of giving a thing away, and then doing it out of your pocket. I have no doubt that what you are saying about the evil of promiscuous charity is quite true." And then, as she flattered him with this wicked flattery, she looked up with her bright eyes into his face. "But now, as the things are, we must be charitable, or the people will die. I feel almost like a rat leaving a falling house, in going away at this time; and if you would postpone it—"

"Nora!"

"Then I must be like a rat; but I won't be a rat in a white silk gown. Come, now, say that you agree. I never asked you for anything before."

"Everybody will think that you're mad, and that I'm mad, and that we are all mad together."

"Because I go to church in a merino dress? Well; if that makes madness, let us be mad. Oh, Fred, do not refuse me the first thing I've asked you! What difference will it make? Nobody will know it over in Philadelphia!"

"Then you are ashamed of it!"

"No; not ashamed. Why should I be ashamed? But one does not wish to have that sort of thing talked about by everybody."

"And you are so strong-minded, Nora, that you do not care about finery yourself!"

"Fred, that's ill-natured. You know very well what my feelings are. You are sharp enough to understand them without any further explanation. I do like finery; quite well enough, as you'll find out to your cost some day. "And if ever you scold me for extravagance, I shall tell you about this."

"It's downright Quixotism."

"Quixotism leads to nothing, but this will lead to twenty pounds' worth of soup;—and to something else too."

When he pressed her to explain what that something else was, she declined to speak further on the subject. She could not tell him that the satisfaction she desired was that of giving up something—of having made a sacrifice—of having thrown into the treasury her two mites—two mites off her own back, as she had said to her aunt, and out of her own mouth. He had taxed her with indifference to a woman's usual delight in gay plumage, and had taxed her most unjustly. "He ought to know," she said to herself, "that I should not take all this trouble about it, unless I did care for it." But, in truth, he did understand her motives thoroughly, and half approved them. He approved the spirit of self-abandonment, but disapproved the false political economy by which, according to his light, that spirit was accompanied.

"After all," said he, "the widow would have done better to have invested her small capital in some useful trade."

"Oh, Fred—but never mind now. I have your consent, and now I've only got to talk over my aunt." So saying, she left her lover to turn over in his mind the first principles of that large question of charity.

"The giving of pence and halfpence, of scraps of bread and sups of soup, is, after all, but the charity of a barbarous, half-civilized race. A dog would let another dog starve before he gave him a bone, and would see his starved fellow-dog die without a pang. We have just got beyond that, only beyond that, as long as we dole out sups of soup. But Charity, when it shall have made itself perfect, will have destroyed this little trade of giving, which makes the giver vain and the receiver humble. The Charity of the large-hearted is that which opens to every man the profit of his own industry; to every man and to every woman." Then having gratified himself with the enunciation of this fine theory, he allowed his mind to run away to a smaller subject, and began to think of his own wedding garments. If Nora insisted on carrying out this project of hers, in what guise must he appear on the occasion? He also had ordered new clothes. "It's just the sort of thing that they'll make a story of in Chestnut Street." Chestnut Street, as we all know, is the West End of Philadelphia.

When the morning came of the twelfth of January—the morning that was to make Nora Field a married woman, she had carried her point; but she was not allowed to feel that she had carried it triumphantly. Her uncle had not forbidden her scheme, but had never encouraged it. Her lover had hardly spoken to her on the subject since the day on which she had explained to him her intention. "After all, it's a mere bagatelle," he had said; "I am not going to marry your clothes." One of her cousins, Bob, had approved; but he had coupled his approval with an intimation that some thing should be done to prevent any other woman from wearing bridal wreaths for the next three months. Charley had condemned her altogether, pointing out that it was bad policy to feed the cotton spinners at the expense of the milliners. But the strongest opposition had come from her aunt and the Miss Fosters. Mrs. Granger, though her heart was in the battle which her husband was fighting, could not endure to think that all the time-honored ceremonies of her life should be abandoned. In spite of all that was going on around her, she had insisted on having mince-pies on the table on Christmas-day. True, there were not many of them, and they were small and flavorless. But the mince pies were there, with whiskey to burn with them instead of brandy, if any of the party chose to go through the ceremony. And to her the idea of a wedding without wedding-clothes was very grievous. It was she who had told Nora that she was a widow with two mites, or might make herself one, if she chose to encounter self sacrifice. But in so saying she had by no means anticipated such a widowhood as this. "I really think, Nora, you might have one of those thinner silks, and you might do without a wreath; but you should have a veil—indeed you should." But Nora was obstinate. Having overcome her future lord, and quieted her uncle, she was not at all prepared to yield to the mild remonstrances of her aunt. The two Miss Fosters were very much shocked, and for three days there was a disagreeable coolness between them and the Plumstock family. A friend's bridal is always an occasion for a new dress, and the Miss Fosters naturally felt that they were being robbed of their rights.

"Sensible girl," said old Mr. Foster, when he heard of it. "When you're married, if ever you are, I hope you'll do the same."

"Indeed we won't, papa," said the two Miss Fosters. But the coolness gradually subsided, and the Miss Fosters consented to attend in their ordinary Sunday bonnets.

It had been decided that they should be married early, at eight o'clock; that they should then go to the parsonage for breakfast, and that the married couple should start for London immediately afterwards. They were to remain there for a week, and then return to Liverpool for one other remaining week before their final departure for America.

"I should only have had them on for about an hour if I'd got them, and then it would have been almost dark," she said to her aunt.

"Perhaps it won't signify very much," her aunt replied. Then when the morning came, it seemed that the sacrifice had dwindled down to a very little thing. The two Miss Fosters had come to the parsonage over night, and as they sat up with the bride over a bedroom fire, had been goodnatured enough to declare that they thought it would be very good fun.

"You won't have to get up in the cold to dress me," said Nora, "because I can do it all myself; that will be one comfort."

"Oh, we shouldn't have minded that; and as it is, of course, we'll turn you out nice. You'll wear one of your other new dresses; won't you?"

"Oh, I don't know; just what I'm to travel in. It isn't very old. Do you know after all I'm not sure that it isn't a great deal better."

"I suppose it will be the same thing in the end," said the younger Miss Foster.

"Of course it will," said the elder.

"And there won't be all that bother of changing my dress," said Nora.

Frederick F. Frew came out to Plumstock by an early train from Liverpool, bringing with him a countryman of his own as his friend on the occasion. It had been explained to the friend that he was to come in his usual habiliments.

"Oh, nonsense," said the friend, "I guess I'll see you turned off in a new waistcoat."

But Frederic F. Frew had made it understood that an old waistcoat was imperative.

"It's something about the cotton, you know. They're all beside themselves here, as though there was never going to be a bit more in the country to eat. That's England all over. Never mind; do you come just as if you were going into your counting-house. Brown cotton gloves, with a hole in the thumbs, will be the thing, I should say."

There were candles on the table when they were all assembled in the parsonage drawing-room previous to the marriage. The two gentlemen were there first. Then came Mrs. Granger, who rather frightened Mr. Frew by kissing him, and telling him that she should always regard him as a son-in-law.

"Nora has always been like one of ourselves, you know," she said, apologizingly.

"And let me tell you, Master Frew," said the parson, "that you're a very lucky fellow to get her."

"I say, isn't it cold?" said Bob, coming in —"where are the girls?"

"Here are the girls," said Miss Foster, heading the procession of three which now entered the room, Nora, of course, being the last. Then Nora was kissed by everybody, including the strange American gentleman, who seemed to have made some mistake as to his privilege in the matter. But it all passed off very well, and I doubt if Nora know who kissed her. It was very cold, and they were all wrapped close in their brown shawls and great-coats, and the women looked very snug and comfortable in their ordinary winter bonnets.

"Come," said the parson, "we mustn't wait for Charley; he'll follow us to church." So the uncle took his niece on his arm, and the two Americans took the two bridesmaids, and Bob took his mother, and went along the beaten path over the snow to the church, and, as they got to the door, Charley rushed after them quite out of breath.

"I haven't even got a pair of gloves at all," he whispered to his mother.

"It doesn't matter; nobody's to know," said Mrs. Granger.

Nora by this time had forgotten the subject of her dress altogether, and it may be doubted if even the Misses Fosters were as keenly alive to it as they thought they would have been. For myself, I think they all looked more comfortable on that cold winter morning without the finery which would have been customary than they could have done with it. It had seemed to them all beforehand that a marriage without veils and wreaths, without white gloves and new, gay dresses, would be but a *triste* affair; but the idea passed away altogether when the occasion came. Mr. Granger and his wife and the two lads clustered round Nora as they made themselves ready for the ceremony, uttering words of warm love, and it seemed as though even the clerk and the servants took nothing amiss. Frederic F. Frew had met with a rebuff in the hall of the parsonage, in being forbidden to take his own bride under his own arm; but when the time for action came, he bore no malice, but went through his work manfully. On the whole, it was a pleasant wedding, homely, affectionate, full of much loving greeting; not without many sobs on the part of the bride and of Mrs. Granger, and some slight suspicion of an eagerly-removed tear in the parson's eye; but this, at any rate, was certain, that the wedding-clothes were not missed. When they all sat down to their breakfast in the parsonage dining-room, that little matter had come to be clean forgotten. No one knew, not even the Misses Fosters, that there was anything at all extraordinary in their garb. Indeed, as to all gay apparel, we may say that we only miss it by comparison. It is very sad to be the wearer of the only frock-coat in company, to carry the one solitary black silk handkerchief at a dinner party. But I do not know but that a dozen men so arrayed do not seem to be as well dressed as though they had obeyed the latest rules of fashion as to their garments. One thing, however, had been made secure. That sum of twenty-pounds, saved from the milliners, had been duly paid over into Mr. Granger's hands.

"It has been all very nice," said Mrs. Granger; still sobbing, when Nora went up stairs to tie on her bonnet before she started. "Only you are going!"

"Yes, I'm going now, aunt. Dear aunt! But, aunt, I have failed in one thing—absolutely failed."

"Failed in what, my darling?"

"There has been no widow's mite. It is not easy to be a widow with two mites."

"What you have given will be blessed to you, and blessed to those who will receive it."

"I hope it may; but I almost feel that I have been wrong in thinking of it so much. It has cost me nothing. I tell you, aunt, that it is not easy to be a widow with two mites."

When Mrs. Granger was alone with her husband after this, the two Miss Fosters having returned to Liverpool under the discreet protection of the two young Grangers, for they had positively refused to travel with no other companion than the strange American—she told him all that Nora had said.

"And who can tell us," he replied, "that it was not the same with the widow herself? She threw in all that she had, but who can say that she suffered aught in consequence? It is my belief that all that is given in a right spirit comes back instantly, in this world, with interest."

"I wish my coals would come back," said Mrs. Granger.

"Perhaps you have not given them in a right spirit, my dear."

Have Animals Reasoning Power?

Prof. Agassiz, in a recent letter in Boston on the "elephant," said:—"It is a favorite saying that men are governed by reason and animals by instinct; but I believe that is all wrong. There is no distinction of kind between the two, but only of degree.

"As we come to the higher animals, we find the brain larger in proportion to the size of the body. But this does not prove a different kind of activity of these parts, but only different intensity.

"Now let us see if there is any difference in the mode of action of the brains of men and animals. Every sensation, to be felt, must produce a reaction. All animals see, hear, smell, and taste as well as we do; therefore, the reaction must be the same, and the operation, as far as the body is concerned, is the same. Next, our perceptions influence our actions, through the operations of the mind; and in the animals the same influence upon their action is to be seen; here, again, is perfect similarity. Although the difference of the intensity of these actions may be great in different animals, yet the principles is the same.

"The animals gratify their appetites, and so do we, and in the same manner. For instance, everybody has seen dogs playing only for the pleasure of playing, just as men do. And what right have we to assume that the motive which influences them is not the same as that influencing us? Again, animals have memory, just as we have; and they can trace the connection between cause and effect; and this is the reason.

"But I will go further; only mind can communicate with mind; and if animals had no mind we could have no intercourse with them. Animals can be trained, and this proves the existence of reason; a connection been between cause and effect. The means of training animals are the same as those employed for training children; certain sounds are used as signals. This supposes a perfect logical process, tracing the sequence of effect from its cause."

HEALTH—OUR FEAR.—Women are not more hardy than men. They walk on the same damp cold earth. Their shoes must be as thick and warm. Calf or kip skin is best for the cold seasons. The sole should be half an inch thick; in addition there should be a quarter of an inch of rubber. The rubber sole I have used for years; I would not part with it for a thousand dollars. It keeps out the damp, prevents slipping, and wears five times as long as leather of the same cost. For women's boots it is invaluable. But rubber shoes should be discarded. They retain the perspiration, make the feet tender, and give susceptibility to cold. Stand on one foot, and mark around the outspread toes. Have your soles exactly the same width. Your corns will leave you. The narrow sole is the cause of most of our corns. A careful study of the anatomy of the foot and the influence of a narrow sole will satisfy every inquirer. The heel should be broad and long.

Wear thick woollen stockings. Change them every day.

Before retiring, dip the feet in cold water. Rub them hard. Hold the bottoms at the fire till they burn.—*Dr. Lewis.*

☞ The Boston Commonwealth thinks that Mr. Seward is so fond of conciliation, that he would even begin a debate with a hungry tiger, thus:—"If the honorable gentleman from Bengal, Mr. Tiger, will only listen to me, he will admit, I am sure, that the free access of carnivora of his species to the social circle of ours, is inconsistent with the Compromise of the Year One, &c., &c."

☞ The Gardiner Journal says Mr. H. A. Morrel recently skated a distance of thirty miles in three hours and a half, walking four miles of the way.

☞ PITHY.—A new York lawyer thus defines transcendentalism:—"It is two holes in a sand bank—a storm washes away the sand bank without disturbing the holes."

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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MY PRETTY KATE.

My pretty Kate, I do not know
The reason why I love you so
Devotedly; but when a day
Without your presence drags away,
I feel as though a year had flown,
And I the while been left alone.

Yet when a day I spend with thee,
It scarcely seems an hour to me;
Yet though no suicide am I,
Nor very anxious am to die,
My soul unmoved the hope surveys,
That Kate may shorten all my days.

☞ OF COURSE.—A little boy, not over ten years of age, was seen the other day cramming his mouth with "Cavendish," when a gentleman standing by, somewhat amused at the spectacle, asked him what he chewed tobacco for? "What do I chew tobacco for?" replied the urchin, "why, sir, I chew it to get the strength out of it, to be sure—what do you think I chew it for?"

☞ Jacob Barker of New Orleans, about whom so much has been said lately, in his younger days, while an active member of the Society of Friends, got into a dispute one day with some one, and waxing very wroth, laid off his Quaker coat, and threatened to give his opponent a thrashing. This coming to the ears of some of the prominent members of the meeting, a committee was appointed to call upon friend B——, to deal with him for this evident breach of discipline. Jacob stoutly denied the charge. "But why did thee take off thy coat?" inquired one of the committee. "Because," said Jacob, "I was afraid the man would use personal violence, and I took off my coat that I might run the faster from him."

☞ Opie was once engaged to paint a portrait of a lady, who, whenever she thought the painter was touching the mouth, screwed it up in a most ridiculous manner. Opie, who was a blunt man, said very quickly, "Madame, if you wish your mouth left out I will omit it with pleasure."

☞ An editor in Ohio thus writes to his subscribers: "We hope our friends will overlook our irregularities for the past few weeks. We are now located in the county jail, with sufficient force to insure the regular issue of our paper for the future."

☞ *Miss Mary*—"Now, Harry, if you are a doctor, prescribe for me. I've had a very bad pain about my heart. What can I take?"

Dr. Harry—(Thinking this the best opportunity he has had)—"I've no doubt as to what is the best remedy to take—take me."

☞ Many a philosopher who thought he had an exact knowledge of the whole human race, has been miserably cheated in the choice of a wife.

☞ The past is God's, the future is thine—improve it well by repentance.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE WEATHER OF JANUARY.—The mean temperature of January in Philadelphia, was 32¾ degrees. The highest of the thermometer was 63 degrees, on the 15th, and the lowest 15 degrees, on the 16th. Amount of rain, including melted snow, was 4 73 inches. This was the mildest January, with the exception of January, 1838, in sixty years. The temperature was 16 degrees above the average of the preceding thirty-eight years. The temperature of January, 1836, however, was 14 degrees warmer, viz: 32¾ degrees.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

REBEL SOLDIERS IN A BAD WAY.—Among the rebel despatches and letters captured at Van Buren, Arkansas, a few weeks since, was a letter from Gen. Hindman to his commander, Gen. Holmes asking for clothes for his troops. He says: "Simply the Secretary of War is not apprised of the condition of the troops and the almost exhaustion of the country. In this corps I could show you 7,000 men absolutely in rags, without counting the Indians. The majority continue to suffer from exposure, to sicken and to die. I suppose it is the same with your other troops. Unless these poor men are comfortably clad this month, not half of them will live through the winter.—*Another proof that not be raised this side of the Mississippi.* The letter is dated at Fort Smith, 12 November.

DISTINGUISHED VICTIM TO INTEMPERANCE.—A few days since, Mr. Edward S. Terry was found dead in his drinking house in New York city, his death resulting from the inordinate use of ardent spirits. A few years ago he was a lawyer of eminence and ability, moving in good society, and at one time he was a law partner of Charles O'Conor, a leading lawyer of the New York bar.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.—Accounts from Moscow state that the favorable progress of the emancipation of the peasants, the intended reform of the administration of justice, and the other liberal measures announced, have made the Emperor of Russia more popular than ever. He was received at Moscow, where he now resides with his family, as though he had never been there before. On the first day after his arrival the Kremlin was so surrounded by the inhabitants that the neighborhood was completely impassable, and the people swarmed on the house-tops and church steeples to see the Emperor.

A HERO.—In the battle of Fredericksburg the color-bearer of the 21st Massachusetts Regiment fell mortally wounded, when a sergeant named Plunkett seized the standard, bore it to the front, and there held his ground, until both sides were driven away by shell. He was carried to the hospital, and subsequently was taken to Washington, the whole regiment turning out to escort him to the station. So brave a man deserved so marked an honor.

LES MISERABLES.—The editor of the Nashville Union alludes mildly to his misfortunes as follows:—We have never read Victor Hugo's sensation novel "Les Miserables." We suppose, however, that the unfortunate editor who figures in that book are editors of daily newspapers with mails once a week, or once a month, as it may happen. They are the most miserable creatures that we can think of.

THE bill giving the President power to enlist 150,000 negroes for military purposes, after being amended so as to exempt the states of Maryland, Delaware, Kentucky, Tennessee, West Virginia, and Missouri from the operations of the bill, and preventing negro officers from commanding white soldiers, was adopted, yeas 83, nays 55, by the House of Representatives.

DRAFTED DELINQUENTS.—Since the 3d of December last, 211 delinquent drafted militia, and 80 deserters from various regiments, have been arrested by the provost marshal of Berks county, Pa., and the deputies acting under him, and sent to the regiments to which they belong.

ARABIAN SNOW.—The Akhbar reports from Medeah an extraordinary fall of snow, such as has never been witnessed by Arabs before. "The trees," it says, "were but yesterday covered with green and yellow leaves; to-day their branches groan under the mighty weight of the white burden."

PASSPORTS.—Passports are abolished in Spain, the decree to that effect dating Jan. 1, 1863. No passports are required of strangers entering the kingdom, and the old system, with its fees to consuls, is also abolished.

WE are now daily looking for the most important news from the southern coast and the Mississippi. In less than a week the world will learn the destination of the immense Union armament, which has been assembled in the waters of North Carolina, and which is expected to strike its blow before the rebels can possibly concentrate their forces where it may design doing its work. The armament assembled against Vicksburg is twice as powerful as either preceding expedition to the same point.

CONGRESS has defeated beyond the equity of redemption the present session, the Bankrupt Bill. By a vote of 60 to 53, it was laid upon the table, and a motion to reconsider was also tabled—which finally disposes of the measure.

SHARP PRACTICE.—A man died in Lakeville, Ct., some time since, leaving to his wife certain property which, by his will, she was to have and hold so long as she should retain the name adopted in her marriage. The lady has just secured a second edition of felicity, and at the same time saved her property, by marrying a second husband whose name is the same as that of the first.

A NEW POTATO.—A member of the Belgian Central Society of Agriculture has recommended to the attention of the society a new variety of the potato, which is remarkable in a triple point of view, viz: for its abundance, and facility of preservation. It appears to be a variety of what is called *chardon* in Belgium. Its stalks grows to the height of twelve inches, and throws out many branches. The blossom is of a violet color, and the tree produces no fruit. A field of one acre of third-class quality, lightly manured, produced 22,000 kilogrammes of sound potatoes. The neighboring farmers were astonished, not only at the enormous produce, but at the absence of any unsound potato. The crop was dug out on the 13th of October.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Before the era of steam gardens, scurvy was one of the diseases by which the English population was kept down. Cabbages were not known in England until the period of Henry VIII. George I. was obliged to send to Holland to procure a lettuce for his Queen. The Egyptians made a god of the cabbage, and the Greeks and Romans took it as a remedy for the languor following inebriation.

SIX of the Beecher family are in the army Co. and Rev. James Beecher, of the 31st New York; Chaplain Thomas K. Beecher, Lieut. H. B. Beecher, Lieut. Fred. B. Stowe, and a son each of William and Charles Beecher.

THE steamer Roanoke, at New York, from New Orleans, brings intelligence that the rebel troops in Louisiana are much demoralized, and are only kept to their duty by [illegible]. There is also much opposition to the conscription law, and twenty [illegible] are attempting to enter the Union army. [illegible] is reported to her prisoners [illegible]. She had landed at Jamaica.

RELEASE OF THE PUBLISHER OF THE PHILA. EVENING JOURNAL.

The following is the letter of Mr. Albert D. Boileau, of the Philadelphia Evening Journal, on which his release was granted:—

HEADQUARTERS OF THE MIDDLE DEPARTMENT, EIGHTH ARMY CORPS.—BALTIMORE, MD., 1863.—I, Albert D. Boileau, citizen of Philadelphia, editor and proprietor of the Philadelphia Evening Journal, confined in Fort McHenry, for the publication of an editorial article under the title of "David's Message," in that newspaper on January 20th, 1863, and for the publication of other articles of a like dangerous character, tending to the support and encouragement of the Rebellion against the Government of the United States, do hereby freely and voluntarily express my regret for the publication of that article, or of any other article of like tendency or character, and do distinctly disavow such article or articles being published with my authority or knowledge, and declare that such publication has been made by other persons, agents or employees, without my sanction and intention.

And I do hereby give to Major General Robert C. Schenck, commanding the Middle Department and Eighth Army Corps, in whose order, in behalf of the Government, I have been arrested, my sacred parole of honor, that upon being discharged from my present imprisonment, and the suspension of the publication of my newspaper being removed, I will not write, print, or publish, or permit others in my name, to write, print, or publish any article having such a dangerous character, or tending to the support or encouragement of the Rebellion, but will by all mean myself in all things as a true and loyal citizen of the United States, intending only to support the Government, the Constitution, and the Union, as a faithful citizen should.

And it is to be further understood that these declarations and pledges are made as well to relate to matter hereafter to be published in the weekly newspaper called the *Democratic Union*, made up from the Philadelphia *Evening Journal* itself, and to any other newspaper that may be published or controlled by me.

Given at Baltimore this the 1st day of February, 1863.

(Signed) ALBERT D. BOILEAU.

In the *Journal* of the 3rd, Mr. Boileau says:—

"Those who supposed that we were other than a Union Democrat have been mistaken. We advocate the claims of the Democratic party because the men of that party are the truest friends of the Union. He is no Democrat who is not unqualifiedly in favor of the Union and the Constitution."

A NEW METHOD OF AMPUTATION.

Dr. Chassaignac, surgeon to the Hospital Lariboisiere, has published a paper in the medical journals on a new method of his of amputating limbs without the aid of the knife. For this purpose he uses what he calls a galvanic ligature, consisting of a wire round which are placed little crystal cups of a rectangular form. The ring is applied to the exact place where the amputation is to take place; a pledget of lint, impregnated with a solution of perchloride of iron at 32 degrees, is placed above and under the ring, and the cups are then charged with fragments of the Pilhos caustic. The member to be amputated is subjected to a considerable degree of compression, which removes some portions of the liquids of the body from the diseased part.' As the caustic proceeds in its action copious bleeding might occur, to remedy which the operator or his assistants exercise a digital pressure on the principal artery until the operation is completed. There is a considerable difference in the behavior of a muscle separated by the knife or by the action of the caustic. In the first place it contracts, and a large interval is left between the two parts that have been divided, while under the action of the caustic the muscle does not recede either way. Dr. Chassaignac has tried his method twice, in cases when the patients were so feeble as to render the application of amputation extremely dangerous; in both cases the operation was successful. The bracelet in one case was applied five times for twelves hours each before all the soft parts could be eaten away by the caustic. As soon as the bone became apparent, it was cut through by means of the chain-saw.

ORIGIN OF PETROLEUM.—Dr. J. B. Edwards, in the Pharmaceutical Journal, remarks that the flow of oil from mineral springs is by no means new, either to science or commerce. Herodotus has recorded that the Island of Zante furnished large quantities, while Pliny and Dioscorides describe the oil obtained from Agrigentum, a small town of Sicily. The Persian springs at Bakoum, have yielded to the value of $600,000 annually; and the earth oil, from Rangoon, in Burmah, has been exported to the extent of 600,000 hogsheads yearly. The streets of Genoa and Amiens were formerly lighted with a petroleum obtained from Parma. In 1847, a spring was discovered in Yorkshire, which was successfully worked by Mr. James Young, of Glasgow, until exhausted, when he turned his attention to the distillation of coal, and discovered paraffiae oil. The marvellous oil springs of the new world, however, far surpass, in extent and interest, all previous discoveries; and the quantities already yielded, instead of apparently diminishing the supply, show that this will be a most important article of commerce for some years to come.—*English Paper.*

ARMY MACHINATIONS.—The country is much puzzled to understand the secret of Mr. Wilson's motion in the Senate, to investigate whether subordinate army officers had intrigued against and interfered with the plans of Gen. Burnside. The secret is just this:—Some two weeks ago, or perhaps about four, when Gen. Burnside had prepared for a crossing of the Rappahannock, and a general assault upon the enemy—the weather being such as to invite an attack—Gen. Franklin sent two officers to Washington, one of whom was our John Cochrane, to remonstrate with the President against the imprudence of the plan, and predicting for it certain failure. Mr. Lincoln immediately countermanded the attack, and sent orders to that effect to Gen. Burnside. Burnside then went storming up to Washington, but it was too late. The mischief had been done, and when he was next ready to advance, the mud and rain caught him in his movement, and he was forced to abandon the design. Truly, the rebels are lucky fellows; and their standing toast should be "The generals of the Army of the Potomac!"—*Wilkes's Spirit of the Times.*

DIPTHERIA.—A gentleman who has administered the following remedy for diptheria says that it has always proved effectual in affording speedy relief: Take a common tobacco pipe, place a live coal within the bowl, drop a little tar upon the coal, and let the patient draw smoke into the mouth, and discharge it through the nostrils. The remedy is safe and simple, and should be tried whenever occasion may require. Many valuable lives may be saved, the informant confidently believes, by prompt treatment as above.

WHAT WE HAVE DONE AND WHAT THE REBELS HAVE DONE.

The following exhibit of the successes gained in the present war by our armies and fleets over the rebels shows that there is no cause for the gloom and dissatisfaction which secessionists are striving to spread over the land:

UNION VICTORIES.

Drainesville, Newbern,
Mill Spring, Roanoke Island,
Fort Henry, Norfolk,
Fort Donelson, Merrimac,
Bowling Green, Evacuation of Ma-
Columbus, nassas,
Nashville, Yorktown,
Island No. 10, Williamsburg,
Memphis, Hanover Court-
Fort Wright, House,
Corinth, Fair Oaks,
Pensacola, Malvern Hill,
Two battles in the New Orleans,
Ozark Mountains, Murfreesboro',
Arkansas, South Mountain,
Fort Pulaski, Antietam,
Fort Macon, Arkansas Post,
Baton Rouge, Foster's doings in N.
Fort Royal, Carolina.

Styled "Gibraltars" by the rebels.

The rebels have been driven from Maryland, Kentucky, Western Virginia, Missouri, and nearly all Tennessee.

The blockade by land and sea has been so perfect that molasses is $7 a gallon, sugar $1 a pound, and goods $25 a pair in Richmond.

We have captured or destroyed as many as nine large iron-clads.

REBEL VICTORIES.

Two battles at Bull Run.
Big Bethel,
Ball's Bluff,
Belleau,
Manor Island,
Vicksburg,
Cedar Mountain,
Front Royal,
Harper's Ferry,
McClellan driven from Richmond,
Fredericksburg,
Clarksville retaken, but lost again.
Recapture of Galveston, with the Harriet Lane.
Destruction of the Congress and Cumberland, and capture here and there of gunboats.
Fort Craig, New Mexico.
Incursions into Pennsylvania, Maryland and Kentucky, from which they were driven back.
Depredations on the high seas.

A THEATRICAL INCIDENT.—At a recent benefit of the actress, Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne, in San Francisco, an affecting incident occurred. She had appeared after the close of the performance in response to the calls of the audience. The manager then announced that he had a surprise for the beneficiary, and explained that he would read a letter written on the battle field of Antietam by a wounded soldier, since dead. The letter, which is dated on the battle field, September 18, is addressed to Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne, and is as follows:

"*Dear Madam.*—I am making a painful effort to indite a few disjointed lines, that shall convey some sense of the gratitude I owe you. I am a wounded and a dying soldier. Acting as color-bearer to General Hooker's division, at the battle of the 17th, I fell pierced by two balls. During last summer, I was frequently and most beneficially affected. Please accept of the accompanying ring as a slight testimonial of honor, respect and heartfelt gratitude, such as no other, save one, like myself could feel—one whom you have been instrumental in lifting from the brink of degradation and ruin, though you know it not. Accept, I entreat you, of this simple tribute, with the dying blessings of my wife. That you and your worthy family may enjoy peace, plenty and happiness through this life, is the fervent prayer of a reformed man and dying soldier."

The applause which followed attested the spirit of the house. It was a great triumph for Mrs. Hayne.

PENNSYLVANIANS AT MURFREESBORO.—The colonel of the 78th Pennsylvania regiment writes of the battle of Murfreesboro:—We crossed the river, the 78th regiment being in the front all the time. It was here that we took *a stand of colors from them, and three pieces of artillery, and brought them safe off the ground.*

The colors were taken by Wm. Davis, of Company I, Captain Ellwood commanding, and John Hughes, of Company B, Lieutenant M'Cann commanding. I ordered the flag to the rear. It was handed to a staff officer of General Negley's staff, and taken to General Rosecrans, to be sent for me the next morning. He gave my regiment great credit for their bravery, and said "his duty compelled him to present the flag to the War Department, which he would do with a particular request that it be presented back to the 78th Pennsylvania regiment."

When the flag is presented to the regiment we intend to present it to the state authorities of Pennsylvania.

GEN. HOOKER'S TEMPERANCE.—The Boston Transcript notices with a warm but proper indignation, certain slanders, which are widely circulated. It says:—

"We have it from the lips of officers of recognized authority, who have been in the nearest and most constant personal relations with Gen. Hooker for eighteen months, that there never has been, even in the relaxations of a soldier's life, a single instance of his being under the influence of strong drink; and they authorize us to say further, that there never could have been, in that time, such an instance without their knowing it or hearing it. We have the word of another able officer, with whom the general held highly responsible office for two years in California, that he never knew or heard of such an instance.

"It is with feelings of repulsion that we write this authoritative refutation of a falsehood which venom and idle thoughtlessness have spread so widely as to make it a duty to tell the truth."

SMOKING AND PHOTOGRAPHY.—The Paris correspondent of the London Photographic News states that tobacco smoking in the room of a photographer, where the pictures are developed, has an injurious effect. He states that an artist in Paris attempted an instantaneous process in the presence of several smoking photographers, and every negative was "fogged." Next day he repeated the same process, after the room had been thoroughly aired and ventilated, and the images came out perfect. Numerous facts serve to prove the truth of these observations, and photographers who are in the habit of smoking in their operating rooms may rest assured that this is the cause of numerous inexplicable failures.

☞ There were 9,000,000 bushels of salt made or gathered in Syracuse last year. What a place for the rebels to make a raid into!

☞ PRAYER.—It is said of Baxter, the divine, that by continued kneeling in prayer his knees became stiff and useless.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Flour opened firm, and quite active, and holders put up their prices fully 25c ₱ bbl since the close of last week, with sales of some 30,000 bbls to points tributary to Philadelphia, by the Schuylkill and Susquehanna, the latter for good Lancaster county $6.37½@6.50 for common and good extras; $6.75@7.00 for low grade Western family, and 7,500 for good do; and bulk of the sales range of the latter description, within the range of $7.50@8 bbl, including in the sales are 800 bbls middlings at $5, and 500 bbls rye mixed at $5.12½@5.25. The sales to the trade have also been in a fair extent within the above range of prices, and fancy brands at $8.50 to $9.50 ₱ bbl, as in quality. Rye Flour is inactive, and we hear of but very small sales at $4.75@5 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is scarce, and Pennsylvania is wanted at $4 ₱ bbl; 700 bbls Brandywine sold at a private price, on terms. Buckwheat Meal continues dull at $3 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN comes in slowly, and for Wheat holders have realized a further advance of 6@8c ₱ bus. Sales comprise some 15,000 bus, part taken for shipment, at 160@170c for fair to prime Western and Pennsylvania reds in store, closing at 172c, and white at 180c for choice. Rye for export, to good and choice lots, the latter for Kentucky, including about 20,000 bus on terms kept private, said to be 100c for the latter, and 95c for some on arrival at 90@100c, the latter for prime Pennsylvania. Corn is better, and about 35,000 bus, mostly new yellow, were disposed of at 80c for prime to good, 69@70c for dry lots, including white at the same figure, and old yellow, which is scarce, at 91@93c. Oats are unchanged, and firm, with further sales of 40,000 bus to note at 39@40c for light Pennsylvania measure, and 63@66c for heavy do ₱ 34 lbs. Barley is firm, but quiet. Of Barley Malt about 10,000 bus have been taken at 105@110c.

PROVISIONS.—There is more activity in the market for the Hog product generally. Mess Beef is held at $15 for old, and $16@16.50 for new, and little or nothing doing. Beef is steady at $12@13 ₱ bbl for Western and city Mess; 500 tcs India Beef sold at $26. Dressed Hogs are dearer, and selling at 8½@8¾c, the latter. Hams move off as wanted at 9@11c for Hams, and 6½@8½c for Shoulders. Nothing doing in Sides. Of prime Mess the demand is more active. Hams selling freely at 8½@9c in pickle, and 7½@8½c in salt, and Shoulders at 5½@6½c; about 1000 tierces in salt sold at 7¾c for Hams and 5½c for Shoulders. Lard is better, and selling moderately at 10½@11c, and kegs at 11¼@11¾c. Country is worth 9½@9½c; sales include about 8000 pkgs at these rates. Butter is scarce at 26@30c for Roll. Nothing doing in packed. Cheese continues firm at 12@13c ₱ lb. Eggs are quoted at 15@17c ₱ dozen.

COTTON.—The want of stock and the high views of holders have a tendency to limit operations, and only some 350 bales have been taken at 65@70c for inferior, 69@73c for ordinary, and 87@93c for low and good middling quality, including fine at the latter rate, cash, closing quiet, however, at 88@90c for middlings.

ASHES.—The demand for Pots in both kinds continues limited and the market steady.

BARK.—There is very little Quercitron arriving and all offered, some 70 bbls No 1 found buyers at $34½@35 for 1st No 1. Tanners' Bark is wanted at full prices.

COAL.—Orders come in slowly from the east, and there is very little shipping except to supply the government. The opening prices are not yet fairly established and the market is dull for the present.

COFFEE.—The stock is nearly all out of first hands, with sales of 800 bags, in small lots, at 29@31½c for Rio; 31@33c for Laguayra, and 31c for Jamaica, cash and time.

COPPER is inactive, but very firm at the late advance. Of Yellow Metal the prices are steady at 30c for sheets and 33c ₱ lb for bolts, cash.

FEATHERS are dull, and sales of 6000 lbs western are reported at 45@48c ₱ lb.

FRUIT.—The sales are limited, Green Apples ranging at 2@2½ ₱ bbl; dried do at 5@6c, and unpared Peaches at 6@10c ₱ lb for quarters and halves.

HAY is better, and selling at 80@90c the 100 lbs for good Timothy.

HEMP.—There is little or nothing doing the stock being about all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS are firm, and sales range at 30@35c ₱ lb for Eastern and Western.

IRON.—There is an active demand for Pig Metal at fully former rates, with little or none offering; prices of Anthracite are tending upward, with sales of 1,500 tons, by lots, at $40@43 ₱ ton for the three numbers, cash and 4 months. Scotch Pig is firm at $34@35. For manufactured iron the demand continues good, and prices are firmer.

LEAD is firm and advancing, with little or no stock here to operate in, and Galena is quoted at $9.50 the 100 lbs, cash.

LUMBER.—There is very little offering or selling, and the market is firm, prices generally tending upward.

MOLASSES.—There is little or none in first hands, and we are only advised of sales of 400@500 bbls, including clayed Cuba at 35@36c; Muscovado do at 45@47c. 50 bbls sugar house Porto Rico at 50c; some old crop New Orleans at 42@45c, and 300 bbls Sugar house on terms kept private—all on the usual terms.

PLASTER is scarce, and soft, if here, would readily command $4 ₱ ton.

RICE.—The market continues bare, and a small business to note at 5@7½c for East India, at which rate holders are firm.

SEEDS.—The demand for Clovers eed has fallen off, and only 300 bag found buyers at 6¼@6½c, mostly at $7.25 ₱ bus for good Seed, which price is refused by some holders. The extent of sales and wanted at $2.50@2.75 ₱ bus. Flaxseed is dull in request and selling at $1.20@1.25 ₱ bus, which is a further advance. Redtop is worth $3 ₱ sack.

SPIRITS.—There is very little foreign offering or selling, and holders are very firm in their views. N E Rum is better, and quoted at 60c. Of Whisky in the West, 500 bbls sales of bbls at 56@57c, and Drudge at 53@56c, now held at 60c.

SUGARS are firm and more active, the want of stock limiting operations to some 900 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 9½@9¾c, including 50 hhds Porto Rico at 10c, and 1,000 bbls and New Orleans, in lots, at 9@9½c, nearly all on time.

TALLOW is better, and all offered; about 150,000 lbs city rendered sold at 11¼c. Country is selling at 11c ₱ lb.

WOOL.—There is very little stock to operate in, and the market for both leaf and manufactured is firm and on the advance.

WINE.—The market continues excited and on the advance, and the sales reach 150,000@200,000 lbs, in lots, at 70@85c for coarse and medium; 80@90c for fine quality, the latter for choice clips, and 92@96c for lots, nett.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1460 head. The prices realized were from 6½@7c ₱ lb, 80 Cows sold at from $30 to 50 ₱ head. 5000 Sheep were sold at 6½@7¼c ₱ lb, gross. 830 Hogs brought from $6.00 to 7.50 ₱ cwt.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, February 7, 1863.

Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri	3 dis
Canada	2½ prem.	Nebraska	5 dis.
Connecticut	par	New Brunswick	1 dis.
Delaware	par	New Hampshire	1 dis.
District of Columbia	1 dis.	New Jersey	par to 1 dis.
Florida	50 dis.	N. Y. City	¼ dis.
Georgia	2 dis.	N. York State	¼ dis.
Illinois	2 dis.	North Carolina	10 dis.
Indiana	¼ to 1 dis.	Nova Scotia	½ dis.
Iowa	5 dis.	Ohio	¼ dis.
Kansas		Pennsylvania par to	¼ dis.
Kentucky	1 dis.	Rhode Island	½ dis.
Louisiana	60 dis.	South Carolina	10 dis.
Maine	½ dis.	Tennessee	10 dis.
Maryland	1 to 2 dis.	Texas	50 dis.
Massachusetts	par	Vermont	1 dis.
Michigan	10 dis.	Virginia	40 dis.
Minnesota	5 dis.	Wisconsin	2 dis.

A REALLY VALUABLE MICROSCOPE, one that a child can use, sent free, by mail, on receipt of 26 cents. Address S. WOODWARD, P. O. Box 2572, Boston. jan 17-tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

Jan. 8th, 1863, by Friends' ceremony, at the residence of the bride's father, Moses, Pyguard, Mott, county, Pa., WILLIAM BORTON, of Evesham, M. J., to MARTHA LUKENS, of the former place.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. G. D. Carrow, Mr. GEORGE W. CRANE, of New York, to Miss JOSEPHINE GRAVES, of this city.

On the 5th of Dec. by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, S.A.M.M. DOUGLASS, to MARY LOUISA, daughter of Wm. Dietz, both of this city.

In Manayunk, on the 25th of Jan. by the Rev. A. Cleveland Coxe, D. D., CORN P. VANDEVELAY, to Miss MARY WEAR, both of Manayunk.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. HENRY C. WELTNER, to Miss JANE CHRIST, both of this city.

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. T. J. Shepherd, HARRY D. GARNS, to Miss TILLIE M. OAKMAN, both of this city.

On the 24th of Dec. by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. WILLIAM H. PROVT, of Bordentown, N. J. to Miss JENNET E. GOW, of Upper Darby, Del. county.

On the 5th ultimo, by the Rev. R. Wolfe, Mr. JAMES MOORE, to Miss ELIZA J. MCCONNELL, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Third-day evening, 3rd instant, MARY B. HAINES, in the 70th year of her age.

At Chester, Del. county, Pa., Feb. 5, CHARLES H. HARD, son of the Rev. Anson B. Hard, in his 30th year.

On the 4th instant, PAULINE GODDARD, daughter of Robt. J. Siddle, in her 7th year.

On the 3d instant, CHARLES COLLADAY, in his 61st year.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. SARAH S. SCHAEFFER, in her 71st year.

On the 2d instant, WILLIAM REICHNER, Sr. in his 60th year.

On the 1st instant, WILLIAM M. SMITH, in his 67th year.

On the 1st instant, SAMUEL R. WETHERILL, in his 61st year.

On the 31st ultimo, Mrs. CATHARINE JACKSON, wife of the late John Jackson, in her 50th year.

On the 31st ultimo, Mr. JOSEPH HURST, in his 40th year.

On the 30th ultimo, JOSEPH C. METCALFE, in his 45th year.

On the 30th ultimo, THOMAS HANNELL, in his 22d year.

On the 30th ultimo, Mr. WILLIAM ERWIN, in his 65th year.

IVY INSTITUTE,
PUGHTOWN, CHESTER CO., PA.

The next session will commence on the 6th of April, 1863. Terms for boarding and tuition for fourteen weeks $40.

For circulars address E. M. HAWLEY.
feb14-6t.

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For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps,*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	*Inches.*
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He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention. nov6-ow1y

A PYRAMID OF FACTS

Concerning

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,

Which

Is

Pure,

Poisonless,

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Imparts a perfect Black,

Or a magnificent Brown, to the

Space of ten minutes; is odorless,

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Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.

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DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MOUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks upon the smoothest face without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM,
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THE CONFESSION AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID.—Published for the benefit and as a warning and a caution to young men who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, &c., supplying at the same time the means of Self Cure. By one who has cured himself after being put to great expense through medical imposition and quackery. By enclosing a post-paid addressed envelope, single copies may be had of the author,

NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Box
Bedford, Kings Co., N. Y.

Wit and Humor.

A CALIFORNIA STORY.

We copy the following California story, which is said to inculcate a subtle warning against profanity. A San Francisco contributor writes:—

"In the northern part of this State is a stream called Yuba river. Across it some enterprising individual built a bridge; and on the banks somebody else built three or four houses. The inhabitants called the place Yuba Dam. These bars were instantly erected, and the 'town' increased rapidly. About noon one cool day a traveller and a sojourner in the land passed this flourishing locality, and seeing a long-legged specimen of humanity in a red shirt smoking before one of the bars, thus addressed him:

"'Hello!'

"'Hello!' replied the shirt, with vigor, removing his pipe from his mouth.

"'What place is this?' demanded the traveller, whose name was Thompson.

"The answer of the shirt was unexpected:

"'Yuba Dam!'

"There was about fifty yards between them, and the wind was blowing. Mr. Thompson thought he had been mistaken.

"'What did you say?' he asked.

"'Yuba Dam,' replied the stranger, cheerfully.

"'What place is this?' roared Mr. Thompson.

"'Yu-ba Dam!' said the shirt, in a slightly elevated tone of voice.

"'Look-ee here!' yelled the irate Thompson; 'I asked you politely what place this was; why in thunder don't you answer?'

"The stranger became excited. He rose and replied with the voice of an 80-pounder.

"'Yu-ba-dam! Do you hear that?'

"In a minute Thompson, burning with the wrath of the righteous, jumped off his horse and advanced on the stranger with an expression not to be mistaken. The shirt arose and assumed a posture of offence and defence.

"Arrived within a yard of him, Thompson said:

"'I ask you for the last time. What place is this?'

"Putting his hands to his mouth, his opponent roared:

"'Yu-ba-dam!'

"The next minute they were at it. First, Thompson was down; then the shirt; and then it was a dog-fall—that is, both were down. They rolled about, kicking up a tremendous dust. They squirmed around so energetically that you'd have thought they had a dozen legs instead of four. It looked like a prize fight between two pugilistic centipedes. Finally they both rolled off the bank and into the river. The water cooled them. They went down together, but came up separate, and put out for the shore. Both reached it about the same time, and Thompson scrambled up the bank, mounted the warlike steed, and made tracks, leaving his foe gouging the mud out of one of his eyes.

"Having left the business portion of the town—that is to say, the corner where the three bars were kept—he struck a house in the suburbs, before which a little girl of about four years of age was playing.

"'What place is this, Sissy?' he asked.

"The little girl, frightened at the drowned-rat figure which the stranger cut, streaked it for the house. Having reached the door she stopped, turned and squealed, 'Oo-bee Dam!'

"'Good Heavens!' said Thompson, digging his heels between his horse's ribs—'Good Heavens! let me get out of this horrid place, where not only the men, but the very babes and sucklings, swear at inoffensive travellers!'"

ANOTHER PERFUMERY STORY.—When "boarding round" was the fashion with school teachers, Farmer A. on coming to the house at tea time, was introduced to the "school ma'am." In a moment he perceived a strong odor of musk which came from the school ma'am's clothing. He, entirely ignorant of the cause, immediately charged it on Ponto, who had a strong propensity for hunting muskrats, and at once commanded him: "Ponto, you scamp, you have been killing muskrats; go out doors, sir, and get sweetened off. But Ponto did not stir, and Farmer A. spoke again more sharply, "Get out, you'll scent the whole house." The school ma'am by this time was blushing red as crimson, while the girls and the boys could scarcely keep from bursting into laughter. One of them, unnoticed, at last made their father understand how the matter stood, and he, of course, dropped the subject. The evening passed away rather awkwardly with all, and the teacher failed to return the next day. On her account the affair was kept quiet until after she left the neighborhood, when many were the hearty laughs had over Farmer A.'s error and the schoolma'am's discomfiture. She omitted musk thereafter.—*American Agriculturist.*

TENACITY OF LIFE.—A few evenings since there was a learned dissertation—subject:—"Bed-bugs and their remarkable tenacity of life." One asserted of his own knowledge that they could be boiled and then come to life. Some had soaked them for hours in turpentine without any fatal consequences. Old Hanks, who had been listening as an outsider, here gave in his experience in corroboration of the facts. Says he: "Some years ago I took a bed bug to an iron foundry, and dropping it into a ladle where the melted iron was, had it run into a skillet. Well, my old woman used that skillet pretty constant for the last six years, and here the other day it got broke all to smash, and what do you think, gentlemen, that 'are insect just walked out of his hole, where he had been layin' like a fing in a rock, and made tracks for his old roost up-stairs." "But," added he, by way of a parenthesis, "he looked mighty pale."

TWENTY-ONE MAJORITY.

It is not often we hear of a more apt repartee than the following:—"J. D. Lyman, cashier of the Farmington Bank, though a great wit, possesses the dignified qualifications for presiding at meeting unequalled by any man in that town, and consequently at all august assemblies, such as political demonstrations, war meetings, elections, &c., he has to take the chair. At the late election friend Lyman was moderator, and just as the polls were being closed, and the vanquished politicians were getting noisy, and ready for a knock-down with any one who should have the politeness to tread on their coat-tails, a rough, double-breasted shoulder-hitter pushed through the crowd, swinging his long arms indiscriminately at friend or foe, and exclaimed—

"I say, you Moderator, how much behindhand is my candidate?"

"Twenty-one votes," politely replied the cashier.

"Well, don't that beat the devil?" screeched the infuriated man, looking around for a chance to hit some one.

"By just twenty-one majority!" was the quick and witty reply.

SLEEPINESS OF ENGLISH CLIMATE.

For five or six months in the year the climate in England must be absolutely weary to one accustomed to the bright sunlight and brilliant starlight of the mornings and evenings in America. From November to April, it is, as a general rule, not fairly light till nine or ten o'clock in the morning, and dark so early that the gas has to be lighted at four, and often at three, P. M. But there is an advantage in this duller atmosphere, not *per se*, but in reference to the habits of the people of the two nations. The English climate has a quieting, soothing, in a certain sense, torpifying, influence on the brain and nervous system. The climate of America is more exciting and inspiriting. This fact, *per se*, is wholly in favor of the American climate. But as the people of both nations are habitually addicted to stimulating viands, it tells in favor of the English. The English, because of the sedative influences of their climate, can bear artificial stimulus much better than the Americans. Not that it is useful; it is only less injurious. The fact that the American lives under circumstances continually exciting his nervous system, while the English live under just the opposite influences, explains, we think, the more destructive effects of tea, tobacco, and alcoholic beverages on the former than on the latter.

An Englishman can drop to sleep much more easily than an American. This is strikingly noticeable on the cars. As soon as the train is fairly under way, the passengers generally begin to doze, and many of them fall asleep. An American commences reading a book or a newspaper; and sleeping on a rail in this country is a rare exception, instead of a general rule. An English gentleman, who had travelled considerably in the United States, remarked to us, in allusion to the different habits of English and American railroad travellers—"In your country peddlers go through the cars and sell cakes, candies, fruits, books, papers and toys, as they do in the streets of our cities, and the passengers eat or read. We go to sleep." The great secret of the superior health of the English is the greater amount of quiet sleep. The Americans, as a nation, are wearing out prematurely for want of rest.—*Dr. Trall.*

LESSON IN COMPOSITION.

Dr. Murray pursued his collegiate course at Williamstown, during the presidency of that acute and accomplished critic, the Rev. Dr. Griffin. In his fourth year he was brought into more immediate contact with the venerable president, whose duty it was to examine and criticise the written exercises of the graduating class. Dr. Murray, when a young man, and even down to the day of his last illness, wrote a free, round and beautiful hand; and his exercise at this time, which was to undergo the scrutiny of his venerated preceptor, had been prepared with uncommon neatness and accuracy. Dr. Griffin was accustomed to use a quill pen with a very broad nib.

Introduced into his august presence, young Murray, with becoming diffidence, presented his elegantly written piece for the ordeal. The discerning eye of the president passed quickly over the first sentence, and with a benignant look, he turned to his pupil, and said in his peculiar way:—

"Murray, what do you mean by this first sentence?"

Murray answered, blushingly,

"I mean so and so, sir."

"Then say so, Murray," and at the same time drew his pen through line after line, striking out about one-third of it.

Having carefully read the next sentence, the venerable critic again inquired:—

"Murray, what do you mean by this?"

He tremblingly replied:

"Doctor, I mean so and so."

"Please just to say so," striking out again about one-half of the beautifully written page.

In this way, with his broad nib, (which made no clean mark) he proceeded to deface the nice clean paper of the young collegian, so that the close of the exercise, the erasure nearly equalled all that remained of the carefully written manuscript.

This trying scene was not lost upon young Murray. He considered it one of the most important events of his collegiate course. It taught him to think and write concisely; and when he had anything to say, to say it, in a simple, direct, and intelligible manner.

Indeed, much that distinguished him, as one of our most vigorous and pointed writers, may be attributed to that early lesson, "Say so, Murray."

☞ "Arry, 'op hup, and go down to Mr. 'Arris's and hask 'im hif 'e 'as a bit hof 'ash hover 'ook to make a 'ammer 'andle."

NOTWITHSTANDING THE INSINUATIONS OF A CERTAIN ENEMY:

JONES IS *NOT* AFRAID OF HIS SHADOW.

"Now, then, you scoundrel—I know what you're at—and if you're not off, I'll shoot you!"

A COTTAGE SCENE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

We sat by our cottage fireside,
Mother, sister, and I,
Reading of dreadful battles,
With many a heaving sigh.

Our mother was pale and feeble,
And all our hearts were sore,
For her son, our only brother,
Had been for months in the war.

We feared for our failing mother,
Watching her closely the while,
We wondered to see her sad, pale face,
Light up with a dreamy smile.

"Is it strange," she said, "that I'm smiling?
Ah, you see not what I see!
My boy's coming home from the battle,
My son's coming home to me!

"I see the smile of his childhood,
The light in his laughing eye;
My boy's coming home to mother,
If he only comes to die."

Hark! The sound of wheels and of horses!
They halt at our garden gate;
God grant it is our brother,
That he comes ere it be too late.

Up rose our trembling mother,
The coming steps to greet;
Four men walked in with their burden,
And laid it at her feet.

"I knew you were coming, darling;
We will never be parted more!"
And mother and son together
Lay dead on our cottage floor.

January 14th, 1863. AUNT ALICE.

A SHORT CHAPTER ON BONNETS.

The Fashion in 1863. The present Style. What next?

DIGESTION ASSISTED.

No branch of chemistry has of late years made greater progress than that relating to the functions of the human body. By the analysis of the blood we learn that it contains iron and soda; the brain yields phosphorus; the hair contains sulphur. It is obvious, therefore, that these materials play a certain part in our well-being, and that if they are not supplied to the frame by our daily food, the result will be a derangement of our organization, which will exhibit itself in the shape of a disease of some kind or other. Imperfect digestion is one of the commonest diseases of a sedentary life. Now it has been shown by Mr. W. Bastick that the stomach of a man in good health, who "earns his meal before he eats it," always contains lactic acid. Reasoning by a happy analogy Mr. Bastick conceived that lactic acid would assist digestion in those persons who suffer from dyspepsia; and experiments have confirmed the truth of his theory. No sooner was lactic acid administered to a patient troubled with dyspepsia (indigestion) than the stomach resumed its labor. Further to illustrate this fact, the process of digestion can be exhibited out of the stomach. Pieces of butcher's meat, fowl, fish, &c., being put into a solution of lactic acid and maintained at the temperature of the body, completely dissolve and become fluid, forming an artificial chyme ready for the absorbent vessels. Lactic acid takes its name from *lacte*, milk, because it is the acid found in sour milk. No wonder then that the highlanders of Scotland and North Wales, who drink buttermilk, are a hardy race of people and never troubled with indigestion, for buttermilk is little else than a weak solution of lactic acid (sour milk).—*Septimus Piesse.*

☞ The Pacha of Egypt has given Louis Napoleon a regiment of Darfour negroes for Mexican service. They are big, well trained, and proof against hot climates.

BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION.—A dear little child of five summers was buried in a neighboring town. On leaving the house of its parents, the clergyman plucked up by the roots a beautiful lilule "*forget me not*," and took it with him to the grave. After the little embryo of humanity had been deposited in the grave, the clergyman, holding up the plant in his hand, said—

"I hold in my hand a beautiful flower, which I plucked from the garden we have just left. By taking it from its parent home it has withered; but here I plant it in the head of this grave, and it will soon revive and flourish. So with the little flower we have just planted in the grave. It has been plucked from its native garden, and has wilted, but it has been transplanted in the garden of Immortality, where it will revive and flourish in immortal glory and beauty."

Agricultural.

PAPER AND LINEN MAKING.

In Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, and other states, thousands of acres yield tons of flax, which is raised only for the flax seed and oil, which are great articles of commerce. The straw which might be converted into linen, is thrown away. More than a hundred thousand tons are thus wasted every year, for the want of a suitable *machine* to break and dress it. A cotton gin made the South rich. What Whitney did for cottop two of our New York neighbors have done for flax. We have seen it tried, and have full faith in its ability to do all that is needed to convert these vast supplies of western and northern produce into the raw material for printing paper, to the immense profit of the western producer, to the great relief of the publishing and reading community.

The machine is very simple; one fluted cylinder revolves into another, and the bundle of flax put in is drawn through and comes out crushed, the woody matter falls to the ground in little splinters, and the residue is the linen fibre, long, soft and tough, like the tail of a gray horse. This is the best material in the world for paper. In the 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries it was *the* very thing of which paper was made, and it is far superior to that of which cotton rags are the staple, as any one may learn by looking at the books of former centuries compared with ours. The reason why foreign rags bring so high a price is, that they are mostly linen. By the use of the newly invented machine, which is now in efficient use in the flax mills in Washington Co., N. Y., and just as fast as they can be made they will go everywhere; this stock for paper can be sold in this city after paying freight, for three cents a pound, and leave an ample profit to the producer.

In the meantime, until we can reach another crop of linen, straw, bass and other woods supply a large staple for paper, to say nothing of clay, which has always been too frequently use.'—*Observer.*

HOLES IN THE POCKET.

In the richer districts of country, where crops are raised without material expense, farmers are apt to become careless and slothful; their soils, in consequence, become impoverished, while their own careless habits, improvidently formed, outlive the fertility of their farms.

We remember that rich township of land between Belvidere and Easton on the New Jersey side of the Delaware—the road stretches along by the river, and from many farms, brown streams from barn-yards, run across it into the river. The land surpasses all other we have seen in natural fertility, and yet, so far are the operators behind the time, that they continue to hill corn and potatoes, plough six inches deep, and other things in proportion. As the fluid excretia from all animals is worth more than the solid portion of their dung, they serve them both alike. The fluid is permitted to run across the road into the river, and this waste is continually increased by the fermentation of the solid portions in an open barn-yard, rendering it in turn soluble, so that each rain helps to dissolve and waste it.

Less than forty years since, the farmers of the Genesee and Mohawk valleys used to assist each other in the winter time, to cart their manure to the river and place it on the ice, so that in the spring it would float away. At the present time barn-yard manure in these districts sells for $2 per cord, and in some parts of Massachusetts at $5 per cord. What has been the consequence of these and other wastes, which, in fact, are not confined to the shores of the Delaware, but are to be found elsewhere in all directions? The average crops of wheat of those valleys have sunk in forty years from 30 bushels to the acre to less than 15 bushels, while the whole average of the state of New York is less than 11 bushels, Pennsylvania about the same, that of Ohio from 35 bushels to 11½ per acre; and Massachusetts cannot raise wheat enough for her own consumption, and is compelled to import from other states. While this deterioration has been going on, the English wheat crop has actually been doubled. English farmers had a similar experience long before, and for the last forty years they have imported bones, potash, &c., from America and elsewhere, in addition to saving both the solid and fluid manures of their farms in the best manner. They have underdrained and sub-soiled ploughed, and while our crops have been lessening per acre, theirs have *doubled*.

Can it be possible that any farmer will waste his manures after satisfying himself of the above facts? Some English farmers smile at the wastefulness of manures among their neighbors, but if they saw the wastes here, they might with propriety laugh outright. We have some farmers who equal any on earth in both knowledge and industry, and who raise as large crops of wheat as any in England, and still their gain is required to make the averages we have given above. How is their knowledge to be disseminated if farmers will not read, or reading, will not be advised?—*Working Farmer.*

SCOTCH FARMERS.—Scotch caution in crop estimates is illustrated in the following from a recent writer: "A friend used to tell me how he had observed the great caution of farmers in any admissions about their crops. When they used to come down to make purchases at his stores, if the question was asked, 'Well, John, (or Saunders,) what sort of return have you this season?' the answer was generally given in one or other of the three negatives, which, however, he had come to interpret for himself, and know the value of. The first and lowest form of the answer to his question, he used to say, was, 'Weel, I've seen waur,' and that he found he was safe to put this down as meaning middling. The second, 'It's nae that ill,' he took to imply that it was pretty good; but when the third form was reached, 'It's nae that ill ava,' he was sure that it had been very good, abundant even, though still the negative mode of admission was adopted, not the open, direct and hearty."

CANADA THISTLES.—Dr. Warder, of Cincinnati, recently in a public lecture, said that there was a way of surely and quickly destroying this plant, and without great labor. Gentlemen who are hesitating about attacking these pests, because the more they are rooted out the better they grow, should try this mode. It is to pile straw thickly on the surface where they are found and let it remain there. They will die for want of light and air.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Useful Receipts.

TO REMOVE GREASE FROM CLOTH.—Take soft soap and fuller's earth, of each half a pound, beat them well together in a mortar, and form into cakes. The spot, first moistened with water, is rubbed with a cake and allowed to dry, when it is well rubbed with a little warm water, and afterward rinsed or rubbed off clean.

A QUART OF INK FOR A DIME.—Buy extract of logwood, which may be had for three cents an ounce, or cheaper by the quantity. Buy also for three cents, an ounce of *bi chromate of potash*. Do not make a mistake and get the simple chromate of potash. The former is orange red and the latter clear yellow. Now, take half an ounce of extract of logwood, and ten grains of bi chromate of potash, and dissolve them in a quart of hot rain water. When cold, pour it into a glass bottle, and leave it uncorked for a week or two. Exposure to the air is indispensable. The ink is then made; and has cost five to ten minutes labor, and about three cents, besides the bottle. The ink is at first an intense steel blue, but becomes quite black.

SOVEREIGN REMEDY FOR WOUNDS.—The following is recommended as a certain means of allaying inflammation, extracting the poisonous effect of iron, steel, &c., preventing lockjaw, mortification, and the necessity for amputation. Saturate small pieces of rags of woollen material (raveling of hose or flannel) with grease (lard or sweet oil), which place upon ignited wood, coal or charcoal, in an iron kettle, so that they smoke without blazing. Hold the wound over the smoke; if convenient, covering the whole with a blanket to condense the smoke upon the wound. The kettle should be at or near a chimney, or the windows open at the top, to prevent the deadly effect of inhaling the smoke. If this receipt were known and practiced in our army, after every battle, it would save hundreds of lives.

BROWN BREAD.—A very nice loaf of brown bread may be made in the following manner, and it will seldom trouble the most delicate stomach:—

One and a half pint of Indian meal, one and a half pint of Graham or coarse wheat meal, one and a half pint of sour milk, two small teaspoonsful soda, three spoonsful molasses, and one teaspoonful salt. Dissolve the soda in about half a pint of hot water and mix altogether. Bake two or three hours in a slow oven. Tein loaf is very nice to be steamed in a deep pot with a tight cover three or four hours. Put your bread in a tin pail with a close cover and don't let the water get into the pail.—*Ploughman.*

The Riddler.

MUSICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 79 letters.

My 58, 61, 46, 60, 30, 72, 65, 17, 76, is an instrumental passage introduced between two vocal passages.

My 6, 26, 8, 19, 36, 50, 38, is a short piece to be sung at the opening of public worship.

My 70, 57, 41, 73, 75, 52, 66, is the second part.

My 9, 15, 49, 69, 73, 75, 24, is an agreeable combination of musical sounds.

My 45, 60, 18, 66, 35, 69, 55, 37, is a short figure.

My 21, 63, 8, 71, 10, 56, is a composition set to the language of the Sacred Scriptures.

My 7, 51, 33, 67, 28, 80, 12, 74, 34, is a vocal exercise.

My 3, 2, 26, 13, is a composition for three voices.

My 31, 69, 30, is the leading part or melody.

My 27, 42, 32, denotes a repetition.

My 11, 3, 37, 22, 4, 54, 14, 45, is gradually slower and softer.

My 63, 23, 4, 1, 64, 66, is a slow movement.

My 41, 20, 59, 12, 69, 78, is a composition or passage designed for all the voices and instruments.

My 2, 44, 25, 56, 58, is one of the departments of music.

My 39, 19, 34, 77, 68, 72, denotes quick.

My whole is often sung in public worship.

Lane County, Oregon. F. W. F.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I'm worn by many a lady fair,
In ironing I need much care;
Behead, and I'm a purling stream,
Where many a poet loves to dream!
Behead again, oh, mortal frail,
And I will cause thy cheek to pale.

V. S.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is an adjective.

My second is the name of a well-known *house* or family of England.

My whole is a large city.

Cincinnati. CAPT. L. B. CHESTER.

ANAGRAMS ON THE NAMES OF CELEBRATED PERSONAGES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Amo nil prande!	Our corn died Charlie.
A clear top.	I want no case sir!
Salt an Umpire!	An eel—her "net" gain.
Lunatics.	Can Sweep *drink?*
I pawn ill men.	O! Corn—barge!
Lacer—Knife—rip!	*Lace a ghost!*
Rye lands.	A 'tater pin!
I tore salt.	*A nose—hid!*
Calm, serene jaw.	Piled Soap.
Named in *Soap!*	Pat needs the cur!

and Ah! Gunly, *it is a splendid paper to have!*

Cincinnati, Ohio. JOS. ROSS, *Jr.*

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Take a globe 94-5 feet in diameter and cut it into two equal parts, and place upon the flat surface of one half, the end of a triangular prism whose sides are 2 feet. Required—the amount of surface which remains uncovered on the hemisphere?

WATTS P. COREY.

Amsterdam, N. Y.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is an arc of a circle whose chord is 24 inches, from the centre of this chord to the circumference is 1 inch. That is else 24 inches, versine 1 inch, from this it is supposed the circumference of the circle may be found.

Lena, Ill. "READER."

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What light could not possibly be seen in a dark room? Ans.—An Israelite.

☞ What creatures may be said to live on their relations? Ans.—Why, the aunt-*eaters* to be sure.

☞ Why is a patch of sweet corn like a dance? Ans.—Because it's always liable to get its ears pulled.

☞ Why is the letter t like an island? Ans.—Because it is in the middle of water.

☞ Why is a vine like a soldier? Ans.—Because it is *listed, trained, has ten*-drills, and *shoots.*

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—"Birds of a feather flock together." CHARADE—Stone—(tone—note—not—ton—on—no.) DOUBLE REBUS—Burnside, Franklin (beef, under, Ross, nun, sack, ill, Delphia, Eden.) CHARADE—Muffin—(muff—fin.)

Answer to TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM by Hildebert Copel, published January 3. Height of wall, 63 feet. First time, the ladder was set down 39 feet from the wall; second time, 28 feet from it. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

Also answered by Reuben Barto, Lebanon Co., Pennsylvania.

Answer to my DIOPHANTINE PROBLEM published January 3. The numbers are 1334, 2136, 4792, and 7698. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

Answer to Wm. Totten's PROBLEM, Jan. 24. Length of body 36 inches, length of tail 27 inches, and of the head 9 inches; whole length of fish 72 inches. A. Louisa Fiske, Shamokin, Penn.; Jas. H. Swan, Millington, Ct.; R. Barto, Lebanon county, Penn.; and Utopia, Albany, N. Y.

D. Diefenbach wishes to inform A. Martin and others, who answered his PROBLEM published Dec. 13th, that the mistake was on his part, as the answer they gave is correct.

R. Hagerty—We have not your answer to the PROBLEM you allude to—forward it and we will publish it. ED. RIDDLER.

☞ QUESTION FOR THUNDER AND LIGHTNING CALCULATORS.—If it takes twelve soldiers to carry a rifle pit at the point of the bayonet, how large a hole in the ground could Dr. Windship lift with one hand?